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"WHERE SINGLENESS IS BLISS  
'TIS FOLLY TO BE WIVES"

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## Dedication



We do not find it easy to relinquish this book in the first sensations of having finished it, to refer to it as casually as a formal dedication would require. Our interest in it is so recent and strong that we are divided between pleasure and regret: **P**leasure in the achievement of a long-cherished design; **R**egret in the final surrender of our finished work. And so, at the close of a year's imaginative task, the pen is sorrowfully laid aside; **A**s though dismissing some part of ourselves into the dim world, where a crowd of the creatures of our brain have gone from us forever. **E**very book, great or small, owes its existence and final success to some inspiration, direct or indirect; there must be some guide toward completion. And we acknowledge our deep gratitude and obligation to one whose sympathy, interest and ready tact have smoothed our rugged path. **W**ith sincere regard **T**his **B**ook is **D**edicated to

**Mary Williamson**



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# Ye Spinster Staff

Good Dame Murphy she comes first  
Because in all she is well versed

Then Dame Hunter's help was loaned  
With Bryan, Tillman & Johnstone

And Miss Miles & Carpenter  
List in our Business we should see.

1908





SPINSTER STAFF

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Session 1907-'08

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     *French, German*  
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 MISS B. G. DICKINSON,  
     *Secretary to Business Office*  
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 ERICH RATH  
     *Director, (Royal Conservatory, Berlin)*  
     *Piano, Organ, Theory*  
 E. B. MICHAELIS      MRS. E. B. MICHAELIS  
     *(Royal Conservatory, Leipsic)*                      *(New England Conservatory)*  
     *Piano, Violin, Orchestra*                      *Piano*  
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     *(New York)*  
     *Piano, Organ, Harmony, History of Music*  
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     *(Metropolitan College of Music, New York)*                      *(Royal Conservatory, Leipsic)*  
     *Voice Culture*                      *Piano, Theory, Chorus*  
 MISS ESTELLE HUTCHINSON  
     *(Boston and Paris)*  
     *Voice Culture*  
**ART, EXPRESSION**  
 MISS LUCIE P. STONE      MISS MARY E. BECK  
     *(New York and Paris)*                      *(School of Expression, Boston)*  
     *Drawing, Painting, Design, History*                      *Expression, Dramatic Art, Gymnastics*  
     *of Art*  
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     *(Museum of Art, Boston)*  
     *Assistant in Art*  
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     *Superintendent of Infirmary*                      *Steward*  
 MRS. CHARLES H. COCKE  
 MRS. J. P. BARBEE      MRS. R. J. CUTHBERTSON





## Roll of Students

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
RUTH ABBOT.....	Louisville, Ga.....	Main.....	1
Georgia Club.			
MAUDE ABBOTT.....	Robinson, Ill.....	Cottage.....	1
Euzelian.			
MOSELLE ALDERMAN.....	Alcolu, S. C.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; $\Sigma \Sigma \Sigma$ ; South Carolina Club.			
NELLIE ANDERSON.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian.			
SUSIE ANDERSON.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian.			
ELIZABETH ARMISTEAD.....	Churchland, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; $\Phi \ M \ \Gamma$ ; L. S.			
EDYTH ATWOOD.....	Appomattox, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; Hill City Club.			
VIRGILLIA ATWOOD.....	Appomattox, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; Hill City Club.			
AMELIA BALDWIN.....	New Orleans, La.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euzelian.			
WILLIE BANNER.....	Wise, Va.....		1
MARY BARKSDALE.....	Houston, Va.....	Main.....	5
Euzelian; President Y. W. C. A., '06-07; Secretary and Treasurer Class '08; Chairman Student Body; President Euzelian Open Meeting.			
MILDRED BARR.....	Starkville, Miss.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euzelian.			
ROBINETTE BEAR.....	Norfolk, Neb.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian.			
CAROLINE BELL.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	Main.....	1
ELIZABETH BENNET.....	Quitman, Ga.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euzelian; Georgia Club.			
GRACE BETTY.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Yemassee; Alabama Club.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
LOUISE BLACK	Blacksburg, Va.	Main	2
BERTHA BOLTON	Alexandria, La.	Main	1
	Euzelian; Σ Σ Σ.		
HILL BOWER	Hollins, Va.		1
MARGARET BOWERS	Clarksville, Tex.	Main	1
	Texas Club.		
GEORGIA BRISCOE	Foster, Tex.	Main	2
	Texas Club.		
SUSIE BRISCOE	Foster, Tex.	Main	2
	Texas Club.		
LUCY BROWN	Martinsville, Va.	Main	2
	Euzelian; P. Ph.; Glee Club.		
JULIA BROWN	Beaumont, Tex.	Main	1
	Texas Club.		
VIRGINIA BROWN	Scottsboro, Ala.	Main	2
	Euepian; Alabama Club.		
MARY HELEN BRYAN	Franklin, Ind.	Cottage	1
F. CATHARINE BRYAN	Shanghai, China.	Main	4
	Vice-President Class '08; SPINSTER Staff.		
GRACE BRYAN	Lincoln, Neb.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Night Hawk; Secretary and Treasurer Class '10.		
HARRIET BRYAN	El Paso, Tex.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Φ M; Texas Club; Night Hawk.		
MARGARET BRYAN	El Paso, Tex.	Waldorf	1
	Texas Club.		
ALLIE GRAY BUCHANAN	Tazewell, Va.	Main	1
LALLA BURTON	Henderson, N. C.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; K K K; President of North Carolina Club.		
OLINE BUTTS	Columbus, Ga.	Tinnymment	2
	Euzelian; Georgia Club.		
ELVA CAMERON	Marietta, Pa.	Tinnymment	1
JENNIE CAMP	White Springs, Fla.	Waldorf	2
	Euepian.		
MARY CAMP	White Springs, Fla.	Waldorf	2
	Euepian.		
LETA CAMP	Ocala, Fla.	Maine	2
	Euepian; Φ M Γ; Masker.		
MAY CAMP	Franklin, Va.	Waldorf	3
	Euepian; Night Hawk.		

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
DORA CAMPBELL	Johnson City, Tenn.	Main	1
	Euzelian; S. G.; Tennessee Club.		
MARY CARNEAL	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Euzelian; Capitol Club.		
NELL CARNEAL	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	2
	Euepian; Capitol Club; Prowler.		
LOUISE CARPENTER	Clifton Forge, Va.	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; Γ O H; Mohican; L. S.; Joker; Light-Feet; Assistant Business Manager SPINSTER and Quarterly; T. G.; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Euzelian Final Meeting.		
LOUISE CARTER	Roanoke, Va.	Tinnymment	2
MARGARET CHEWNING	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; A P; L. S.; Joker; Light-Feet; Capitol Club; Glee Club.		
CATHARINE CLARKE	Atlanta, Ga.	Main	1
MARGUERITE CLOMAN	Houston, Tex.	Waldorf	1
	Euzelian; Texas Club; Yemassee; Prowler.		
ISABELLE COBBS	Montgomery, Ala.	Main	1
	Euepian; A T B; L. S.; Masker; Alabama Club.		
JANIE COCKE	Roanoke, Va.	Main	3
	Euepian; A P; L. S.; Mohican; Joker; T. G.		
MARGARET COCKE	Hollins, Va.	Home	2
VIRGINIA CONRON	Stuarts Draft, Va.	Main	1
BEATRICE CALHOUN	Christiansburg, Va.		1
A. CLYDE COLLIER	Waco, Tex.	Waldorf	1
VIRGINIA CORKE	Charleston, W. Va.	Tinnymment	1
	Euepian; West Virginia Club.		
GLADYS CRANE	Fort Smith, Ark.	Waldorf	1
	Euepian; A P; Prowler.		
STELLA CROWELL	Tampa, Fla.	Main	1
	Euzelian.		
LORA CRUMP	Richmond, Va.	Tinnymment	5
	Euepian; Φ M Γ; T. G.; Masker; Class '08; Striker; President Capitol Club; Glee Club.		
ELIZABETH DARLINGTON	Washington, D. C.	Main	3
	Euzelian; P. Ph.; Treasurer Euzelian Society; President Washington Club; Secretary A. C. Class.		
CLARE DENMAN	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf	3
	Euepian; X Σ; Texas Club.		
ELLEN DICKERSON	Birmingham, Ala.	Waldorf	3
	Euzelian; K K K; D—F. F.; Alabama Club.		



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
RUBY DICKINSON.....	Marion, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '06-07; Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '07-08.			
ELIZABETH DOWNES.....	Baltimore, Md.....	Main.....	2
Euepian; Γ O II; Mohican; Joker.			
BARON DUNTON.....	Birds Nest, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	2
MARGARET EHRLMAN.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euepian; Alabama Club.			
CORNELIA ELLIS.....	Shawsville, Va.....	Main.....	3
Cotillion Club; President Class '10; Glee Club.			
ANNIE ESTES.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	1
K Δ; T. G.; D—F. F.; Light-Feet; Tennessee Club.			
MARCIA FIELD.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euepian; Missouri Club.			
HAWES FITZPATRICK.....	Arrington, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euepian.			
MYRTLE FLOYD.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
CLARA ELLEN FORBES.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euzelian; K K K; T. G.; Captain Yemassee; D—F. F.; President Class '08; President Athletic Association; Exchange Editor <i>Quarterly</i> ; Glee Club; President Alabama Club.			
VIRGINIA FOSTER.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euepian; Γ O II; Glee Club; Striker; Dramatic Club.			
MAY FOWLKES.....	South Boston, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euepian.			
ULA GARLAND.....	Graham, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	1
MARIA GARTH.....	Huntsville, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Φ M; Alabama Club.			
MARGUERITE GEER.....	Easley, S. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Σ Σ Σ; South Carolina Club.			
VIRGINIA GILCHRIST.....	Wheeling, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Φ M; Prowler; West Virginia Club.			
WILLIE GOODYKOONTZ.....	Salem, Va.....	Cottage.....	1
ANNE GREGORY.....	Stovall, N. C.....	Cottage.....	1
MABEL GRIGSBY.....	Washington, D. C.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Washington Club.			
LOUISE GROUSE.....	Savannah, Ga.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Georgia Club.			
MAY HALEY.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euzelian; Prowler.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
BESSIE HARLAN.....	Martin, Tex.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; <i>Quarterly</i> Staff; Texas Club; K K K.			
ELSIE HARMON.....	Troutville, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euepian.			
ELOISE HARRIS.....	Hollins, Va.....	Cottage.....	
BONNIE HARSHBARGER.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
ROSE HAYWARD.....	New Orleans, La.....	Main.....	4
Euepian; A P; T. A. R.; Joker; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Cotillion Club; Secretary Class '09; Leader Mohican Rooters; Secretary Euepian Final Evening.			
SULLY HAYWARD.....	New Orleans, La.....	Tinnymment.....	4
Euzelian; A P; T. G.; Masker; Striker; Vice-President Athletic Association; Secretary Euzelian.			
BELLE HEYER.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; North Carolina Club.			
ROBIN HICKS.....	Kaufman, Tex.....	Main.....	1
Euepian.			
MARY AGNES HILL.....	South Boston, Va.....	Cottage.....	1
AILEEN HILL.....	South Boston, Va.....	Cottage.....	1
LILLIAN HOBSON.....	Paducah, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	1
Kentucky Club; Mohican.			
KITTY HOGE.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Δ T. B.			
MARION HOLDINE.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Main.....	2
BESSIE HOLLAND.....	Suffolk, Va.....	Main.....	2
A P; Masker; L. S.			
NATALIE HOLMAN.....	Longdale, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euzelian.			
WILLIE ANNA HOUSTON.....	Westhoff, Tex.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; Texas Club.			
PHOEBE HUNTER.....	Mont Clare, Pa.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euepian; Φ M I; T. A. R.; Joker; Glee Club; Striker; Dramatic Club; SPINSTER Staff; Historian Class '09; Secretary Euepian Lee Evening.			
MARGARET INGRAM.....	Blackstone, Va.....	Main.....	1
ROBERTA JACKSON.....	Front Royal, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; P. Ph.			
SARAH JAMISON.....	Greenwood, S. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; South Carolina Club.			
GLADYS JENKINS.....	Bluefield, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
West Virginia Club.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MAY VIRGINIA JENKINS.....	Bluefield, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
West Virginia Club.			
OCIE JENNINGS.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
K K K; Hill City Club.			
CARY JOHNSON.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Φ M; Alabama Club; Night Hawk.			
GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; K K K; T. A. R.; Joker; Night-Hawk; Alabama Club; Dramatic Club; Associate Editor SPINSTER.			
JUANITA JOHNSTON.....	Emet, Indian Territory.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; Σ Σ Σ.			
CARRIE JONES.....	San Antonio, Tex.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; Ψ; Secretary Texas Club; Leader Yemassee Rooters.			
ISABEL JONES.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Capitol Club.			
GUSTAVA KELLY.....	Wise, Va.....	Cottage.....	1
MARGARET KENDRICK.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; Capitol Club.			
INEZ KENDRICK.....	Richmond, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; Capitol Club.			
BESSIE KINCAID.....	Manila, P. I.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; Texas Club.			
JOSIE KINCAID.....	San Antonio, Tex.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; X Σ; Texas Club.			
ETTIE KINCAID.....	San Antoino, Tex.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; X Σ; Texas Club.			
MOLLELLE KUYKENDALL.....	Martinsburg, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
West Virginia Club.			
TRUXIE LACKLAND.....	Grove Hill, Ala.....	Main.....	4
S. G.; Alabama Club.			
PAULINE LAURENER.....	Lovelady, Tex.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Texas Club.			
MARIE LAWSHE.....	Washington, D. C.....	Waldorf.....	2
JANIE LAWSON.....	South Boston, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian; S. G.			
PAULINE LAWTON.....	Hartsville, S. C.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; South Carolina Club.			
HARRY LAYNE.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
NORA LAYNE.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
LELIA LAYNE.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
MAE LAZARUS.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Hill City Club.			
MARIE LEBBY.....	Charleston, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; X Σ; South Carolina Club; Night-Hawk.			
MARGARET LEWIS.....	Leeds, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; X Σ; Alabama Club.			
ALICE LINCOLN.....	Marion, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; S. G.			
EDWINA LOCKETT.....	Winston-Salem, N. C.....	Main.....	2
Euepian; Secretary and Treasurer North Carolina Club; Historian Class 'ro.			
FRANCES LONGAN.....	Sedalia, Mo.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; Δ T B; Joker; Quarterly Staff; Missouri Club; Prowler.			
MAYSIE LYLES.....	Columbia, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Φ M Γ; L. S.; Vice-President South Carolina Club; Mohican.			
ADELAID MCBRIDE.....	Savannah, Ga.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Georgia Club.			
LUCELIA MCCLAIN.....	Danville, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Γ O H; Mohican.			
MARGUERITE MCCONNELL.....	Knoxville, Tenn.....	Main.....	1
ALMA MCCOINHA.....	Charleston, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; West Virginia Club.			
EFFIE LEE MCCORKLE.....	Richlands, Va.....	Main.....	1
MABEL MCENTIRE.....	Kansas City, Mo.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euepian; SPINSTER Artist; Missouri Club.			
BURTON McLAUGHLIN.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
EDITH McLAUGHLIN.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
ALICE McINERNAY.....	Tucson, Arizona.....	Main.....	1
Euepian.			
BESSIE MAJOR.....	Anderson, S. C.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euzelian; South Carolina Club.			
FLORRIE MALONE.....	Dothan, Ala.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Alabama Club; Yemassee.			
ALDAH MANN.....	Robinson, Ill.....	Cottage.....	1
Illinois Club.			
SALLIE MARTIN.....	Hickory, N. C.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; North Carolina Club.			
MARY MASSIE.....	Pulaski, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Φ M.			
KATHLEEN MATHEWS.....	Clifton Forge, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Φ M; Prowler.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ELEANOR MEEKS.....	Nashville, Tenn.....	Main.....	1
Φ M; Tennessee Club.			
NANCY MERIMAN.....	Asheville, N. C.....	Tinnymment.....	1
North Carolina Club.			
NETTIE MAYNARD.....	Bastrop, Tex.....	Main.....	2
Euepian; Texas Club.			
JESSIE MAXWELL.....	Robinson, Ill.....	Cottage.....	1
LEONIE MEDLENKA.....	Crowley, La.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Σ Σ Σ.			
HAZEL MIDDAGH.....	Roanoke, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euzelian; Glee Club.			
MARY MILES.....	Marion, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; Δ T B; T. A. R.; Masker; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '06-07; Treasurer Euepian Society; Business Manager SPINSTER and <i>Quarterly</i> ; Light-Feet.			
BRICE MILLER.....	Camden, Ala.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; P. Ph.; Alabama Club.			
JESSIE MILLER.....	Tampa, Fla.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian.			
REINETTE MILLER.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euepian; K K K; Georgia Club; Striker; Yemassee.			
MARIE MILLS.....	Patchogue, N. Y.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian.			
MARY ELIZABETH MINER.....	Eastville, Va.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian.			
FRANCES MITCHELL.....	Mt. Carmel, Ill.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euzelian; Illinois Club.			
GRACE MITCHELL.....	Mt. Carmel, Ill.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euzelian; Illinois Club.			
KATHRYN MOCKBEE.....	Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Δ T B; Masker; T. A. R.			
ELLEN LINN MOLTON.....	Birmingham, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; Δ T B; Joker; Light-Feet; Glee Club; Alabama Club; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Euepian Final Meeting.			
HALLIE MOORE.....	Lewisburg, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; Φ M; Prowler; President West Virginia Club.			
PAMELA MOORE.....	Columbia, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Φ M Γ; Joker; South Carolina Club.			
WILLIE BELLE MORRIS.....	Samson, Ala.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Alabama Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE.....	Knoxville, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; Γ O II; Glee Club; D—F. F.; Vice-President Tennessee Club.			
LOUISE MURPHY.....	Dallas, Tex.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Euepian; Γ O II; T. A. R.; President Dramatic Club; Leader Glee Club; Editor-in-Chief SPINSTER; President Cotillion Club; President Texas Club; Striker; President Euepian Lee Evening; Treasurer A. C. Class.			
GLADYS NEALE.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Secretary and Treasurer Capitol Club; X Σ; Prowler.			
JESSIE NIEMEYER.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Tennessee Club.			
THERESE NURNEY.....	Suffolk, Va.....	Main.....	2
A P; T. A. R.; Masker; Cotillion Club; Mohican.			
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER.....	Mont Clare, Pa.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; A P; Light-Feet.			
CORNELIA ORRICK.....	Hagerstown, Md.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; Δ T B.			
HAZEL PALMER.....	North Fork, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
ROWENA PATE.....	Water Valley, Miss.....	Waldorf.....	1
MARY PEED.....	Mays Lick, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	3
Kentucky Club.			
KATE PEERY.....	Five Oaks, Va.....	Main.....	1
REBEKAH PHILLIPS.....	St. Louis, Mo.....	Tinnymment.....	4
Euzelian; Γ O II; T. A. R.; Captain Mohicans; Glee Club; Dramatic Club.			
CARRIE POOL.....	Newberry, S. C.....	Waldorf.....	4
Euzelian; President South Carolina Club; Night-Hawk.			
ALICE PRESTON.....	Amsterdam, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; K K K.			
REBECCA PORTER.....	Memphis, Tenn.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; K Δ; L. S.; D—F. F.; President Tennessee Club; Mohican; Dramatic Club.			
MARY POWERS.....	Charlottesville, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian.			
ERNA PURSELL.....	Dendron, Va.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Euzelian.			
WILLELLA RAINER.....	Union Springs, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; K Δ; Alabama Club; D—F. F.			
EUDORA RAMSEY.....	Richmond, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euepian; X Σ; <i>Quarterly</i> Staff; Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club; Night-Hawk.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
GERTRUDE RATH.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
LOUISE RATH.....	Hollins, Va.....	Home.....	
RUTH REINHART.....	Merrill, Wis.....	Main.....	1
Euepian.			
MAE RICHARDSON.....	Atlanta, Ga.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Georgia Club.			
VERNICE MAY ROGERS.....	Versailles, Ky.....	Waldorf.....	1
Σ Σ Σ; Kentucky Club.			
MAE ROLIN.....	Rio Vista, Va.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian.			
MAMIE ROPER.....	Petersburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
K Δ; Joker; Glee Club; Prowler.			
COURTNEY RUDD.....	Ponce, Porto Rico.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; Yemassee.			
MARGARET RUSSELL.....	Bonham, Tex.....	Main.....	1
Euzelian; P. Ph.; Texas Club.			
FAIRY RYNEAL.....	Martinsburg, W. Va.....	Main.....	1
West Virginia Club.			
IRENE SANDIDGE.....	Stephenville, Tex.....	Main.....	2
Texas Club.			
SARAH SANDIDGE.....	Stephenville, Tex.....	Main.....	1
Euepian; Texas Club.			
EMILIE SCHOEW.....	Bramwell, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; West Virginia Club; Miners.			
MARGARET SCOTT.....	Baltimore, Md.....	Main.....	1
ETHEL SCOVEL.....	Haddonfield, N. J.....	Cottage.....	1
DOLLY SELIGMANN.....	Sequin, Tex.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euepian; X Σ; Cotillion Club; Vice-President Texas Club.			
HAZEL SHANKLIN.....	Charleston, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; K Δ; Vice-President West Virginia Club; D—F. F.; Glee Club.			
KITTY MAY SETTLE.....	Centralia, Mo.....	Tinnymment.....	1
Missouri Club.			
SALLIE GREY SHEPHERD.....	Palmyra, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian.			
ANNA SHIELDS.....	Bramwell, W. Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; West Virginia Club.			
BESSIE SHIELDS.....	New Orleans, La.....	Waldorf.....	3
THETA SHOLARS.....	Orange, Tex.....	Main.....	2
S. G.; Texas Club.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
RUTH SIMPSON.....	Virginia Beach, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
EFFIE SINCLAIR.....		Waldorf.....	1
MAMIE SINGLETON.....	Union Springs, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; K Δ; Glee Club; Prowler; Alabama Club.			
EUGENIA SMITH.....	Prattville, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	2
Euzelian; K K K; Alabama Club.			
JULIA SMITH.....	Prattville, Ala.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian; K K K; Alabama Club; D—F. F.			
JULIA SMITH.....	Paris, Tex.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euepian; Texas Club.			
MARGARET R. SMITH.....	Colon, Panama.....	Main.....	1
Euepian.			
MARGARET M. SMITH.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Main.....	2
Euepian; K Δ; North Carolina Club; President Class '11; Cotillion Club.			
MARY PRESSLEY SMITH.....	Louisville, Ky.....	Tinnymment.....	2
Euzelian; President Kentucky Club.			
MILDRED SMITH.....	Wilmington, N. C.....	Main.....	2
Euzelian; North Carolina Club.			
SUSIE DELL SMITH.....	Hot Springs, Ark.....	Waldorf.....	1
Prowler.			
RUBY RAY SMITH.....	Lynchburg, Va.....	Waldorf.....	3
Euzelian; Φ M; President Hill City Club; Night-Hawk; Glee Club; Vice-President A. C. Class.			
RUBY SNOW.....	High Point, N. C.....	Main.....	1
North Carolina Club.			
LEWIS STEARNES.....	Newport News, Va.....	Waldorf.....	1
Euzelian.			
HELEN STEINER.....	Montgomery, Ala.....	Tinnymment.....	3
Euzelian; A P; L. S.; Light-Foot; Cotillion Club; Joker; President Class '09; Vice-President Euzelian Open Meeting; Alabama Club; President Y. W. C. A., '08-09; Vice-President, '07-08; Glee Club; Striker.			
KATE STONE.....	Hurt, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '08-09.			
MARY STONE.....	Hurt, Va.....	Main.....	3
Euzelian; Editor-in-Chief <i>Quarterly</i> ; President A. C. Class.			
MAMIE SUDDUTH.....	Falls Mills, Va.....	Waldorf.....	2
Σ Σ Σ; Miners; West Virginia Club.			



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
ANNA K. SWINFORD.....	Cynthiana, Ky.	Waldorf.	1
Kentucky Club.			
CABELL TAYLOR.....	Hollins, Va.	Home.	
HENRIETTA TAYLOR.....	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Waldorf.	2
Euzelian; F O H; D—F. F.; Vice-President Sophomore Class.			
JOY TATUM.....	Shanghai, China.	Main.	1
Euzelian.			
ROSETTA TERRY.....	Patchoque, N. Y.	Main.	1
Euzelian.			
JULIA THOM.....	Ashton, Md.	Main.	2
Euzelian; Yemassee; Secretary Y. W. C. A., '08-09.			
MINNA THOMPSON.....	Martinsburg, W. Va.	Main.	1
West Virginia Club.			
LAURA TUCKER.....	Lexington, Va.	Main.	1
Mohican.			
SOPHIE TILLMAN.....	Trenton, S. C.	Tinnymment.	3
Euepian; F O H; T. A. R.; Masker; T. G.; Striker; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Vice-President Class '09; President Euepian Final Evening; South Carolina Club; SPINSTER Staff.			
CARRIE TRUEHEART.....	Louisville, Ky.	Waldorf.	2
Euepian; Kentucky Club.			
ELIZABETH TRUE.....	Memphis, Tenn.	Waldorf.	2
Euepian; Φ M; Night-Hawk; Tennessee Club; Yemassee; Glee Club.			
NELL WALKER.....	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf.	1
Euepian; Capitol Club; Prowler.			
MAY WALTON.....	Appomattox, Va.	Main.	1
LILLIAN WEAVER.....	Asheville, N. C.	Tinnymment.	1
Euepian; K Δ; North Carolina Club.			
MARGARET WEBB.....	Bowling Green, Va.	Main.	1
Euepian.			
ELSIE WELBORN.....	Pendleton, S. C.	Cottage.	2
SARAH WILHITE.....	Anderson, S. C.	Waldorf.	1
Φ M; South Carolina Club; Yemassee; Night-Hawk.			
MARION WILKINSON.....	Valdosta, Ga.	Waldorf.	1
Euepian; Φ M; President Georgia Club; Night-Hawk.			
AFTON WILLIAMS.....	Hot Springs, Ark.	Waldorf.	1
Δ T B; Prowler.			
BESSIE WILLIAMS.....	Arvonias, Va.	Main.	2
Euzelian.			

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	SCHOOL ADDRESS	YEAR
VIRGINIA WILLIAMS.....	Elizabethtown, Tenn.	Main.	1
Euzelian; Yemassee; Tennessee Club.			
CLAUDINE WILLIAMSON.....	Roanoke, Va.	Main.	1
S. G.			
JANE WINGFIELD.....	Charlottesville, Va.	Waldorf.	3
Euzelian.			
CAROLYN WILLINGHAM.....	Atlanta, Ga.	Waldorf.	1
Euepian; Φ M; Masker; Yemassee; Night-Hawk; Georgia Club.			
CAMILLE WILLINGHAM.....	Macon, Ga.	Main.	1
Georgia Club.			
EDITH WILLINGHAM.....	Macon, Ga.	Waldorf.	1
Georgia Club; D—F. F.; Light-Foot; Mohican.			
ELIZABETH WILLINGHAM.....	Macon, Ga.	Waldorf.	1
Euepian; Φ M; Joker; Cotillion Club; Night-Hawk; Georgia Club.			
MARY ELIZABETH WILSON.....	San Antonio, Tex.	Waldorf.	1
Euepian; Texas Club; X Σ.			
MARY WAUGH WILSON.....	Lee's Summit, Mo.	Waldorf.	1
Euepian; Δ T B; Missouri Club.			
RACHEL WILSON.....	La Grange, Ky.	Waldorf.	1
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.			
LUCY WILTSHIRE.....	Baltimore, Md.	Waldorf.	1
Φ M Γ; Masker; Cotillion Club; Dramatic Club; Yemassee; Prowler.			
ELSA WISE.....	Columbus, Ga.	Main.	1
Euzelian; Georgia Club.			
LUCY WITT.....	Richmond, Va.	Waldorf.	1
Euepian; Δ P; Masker; Light-Foot.			
MARY WOODING.....	Danville, Va.	Main.	1
Euepian; Φ M.			
ELIZABETH WOODRUFF.....	Anniston, Ala.		1
Alabama Club.			
MABEL WOOLFORD.....	Cambridge, Md.	Waldorf.	2
Euzelian; K Δ; D—F. F.; Dramatic Club.			
JOSEPHINE WRIGHT.....	Bluefield, W. Va.	Waldorf.	2
West Virginia Club.			
ELIZABETH M. WUNDER.....	Woodstock, Va.	Main.	1
MARY YEAGER.....	Marlinton, W. Va.	Main.	2
West Virginia Club.			



**FRESHMAN**





# FRESHMEN

## OFFICERS

MARGARET MACD. SMITH. . . . . *President*      RUTH ABBOT. . . . . *Vice-President*  
 INEZ A. KENDRICK . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*  
 FLORIE MALONE. . . . . *Historian*

## ROLL

MAUDE ABBOTT	LOUISE BLACK	ROBINETTE BEAR
HARRIET BRYAN	CATHERINE CLARK	DORA CAMPBELL
MAY FOWLKES	STELLA CROWELL	KITTY HOGE
FLORIE MALONE	ANNIE GREGORY	ALICE LINCOLN
JESSIE MAXWELL	WILLIE BELLE MORRIS	SARA JAMISON
MARGARET INGRAM	COURTNEY RUDD	RUBY SNOW
LUCY WILTSHIRE	NELL WALKER	RACHEL WILSON
MARGARET R. SMITH	ELSA WISE	MARGARET KENDRICK
MARGARET LEWIS	JOY TATUM	MARGARET MCCONNELL
CLAUDINE WILLIAMSON	LALLA BURTON	MOLLELLE KUYKENDALL



FRESHMAN CLASS



## Freshman History

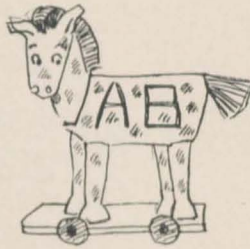
THE dignified Seniors may be learned on many deep subjects, and think themselves quite above the youngest class in school, yet the Freshman Class can rival even them in one thing, and that is, in numbers.

We first began our career when last September, in nineteen hundred and seven, an energetic Senior called us together and informed us it was high time we organized ourselves into the Freshman Class. We were very much elated at the thought of being a class; and debated long and seriously before we chose our three officers. Finally, Miss Margaret Smith was elected president; Miss Ruth Abbot, vice-president, and Miss Inez Kendrick, secretary. We took for our colors, yellow and white, and declared that when any occasion called for a banner, the Freshman flag should not be the last to be unfurled to the breeze.

Our motto is "Ad astra per aspera," and though it may seem rather a lofty motto for such young students, yet if our present zeal lasts, even through trials and difficulties, we are going to make the "Class of 1911" bound its fame by the stars!

FLORRIE MALONE.





# SOPHOMORES

Flower  
Daisy

Yell

Colors  
Maroon and White

Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Ren!  
We're the Class of 1910

## OFFICERS

CORNELIA HORSFORD ELLIS ..... *President*  
HENRIETTE TAYLOR ..... *Vice-President*  
GRACE DEXTER BRYAN ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

## ROLL

AMELIA BALDWIN	ELOISE HARRIS	LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE
BERTHA BOLTON	BELLE HEYER	JESSIE NIEMEYER
MILDRED BARR	ROBERTA JACKSON	ROWENA PATE
MARGARET CLOMAN	OCIE JENNINGS	MARY POWERS
	ISABEL COBBS	
	MARY CABELL WOODING	
	EDWINA LOCKETT	MARY PEED
	NELL CARNEAL	MARIE LAWSHE
	MARGARET WEBB	
MALV RICHARDSON	MARY CARNEAL	BESSIE MAJOR
	BESSIE SHIELDS	
KITTY MAE SETTLE	VIRGINIA CORKE	MARIE MILLS
	ALICE MCINERNEY	BARON DUNTON
	HAWES FITZPATRICK	
	JULIA THOM	
NAN SUDDUTH	EINETTE MILLER	JULIA SMITH
MABEL GRIGSBY	BRICE MILLER	ROSETTA TERRY
	FRANCES MITCHELL	NATALIE HOLMAN





SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class History

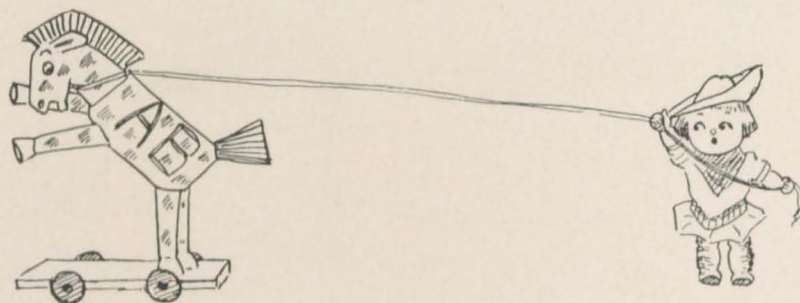
IT was early in the session of 1907-'08 that the illustrious Sophomore Class was organized with three officers at its head. After a few secret meetings, the Class gathered together on the campus and by giving a yell for the Class of 1910 made themselves known to the faculty and students of Hollins. Many meetings were held during the year at which business of importance to the Class was transacted, but it was not until Founder's Day, the twenty-first of February, that the maroon and white banner was for the first time unfurled to the breezes, from East Building. It was on this day also, that the enthusiastic Sophomores gathered on the campus at various times, giving the heartiest yells to their sister class, always ending with a Rah! Rah! Rah! for the Class of 1910.

Thus the Class of 1910 has spent its Sophomore year. Abiding by their motto "gradatim," they hope to obtain their A. B.'s. and to be one of the never-to-be-forgotten Classes of Hollins.

EDWINA LOCKETT.







# JUNIORS

## OFFICERS

HELEN STEINER .....	<i>President</i>
SOPHIE TILLMAN .....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ROSE HAYWARD .....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
PHOEBE HUNTER .....	<i>Historian</i>

## CLASS ROLL

NELLIE ANDERSON	PAULINE LAWTON
SUSIE ANDERSON	EUDORA RAMSEY
LOUISE CARPENTER	
KATIE STONE	
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER	
RUBY DICKENSON	MARY MILES
SULLY HAYWARD	MAY HALEY



JUNIOR CLASS



## Junior Class History

**I**N the midst of the tossing Sea of Hollins Study there looms a great rock, and lo! upon its summit sits an alluring Siren. For many years she has sat there, singing of the mysteries of Wisdom and Learning, and all who hear her as they sail upon this Sea of Study, turn to seek her.

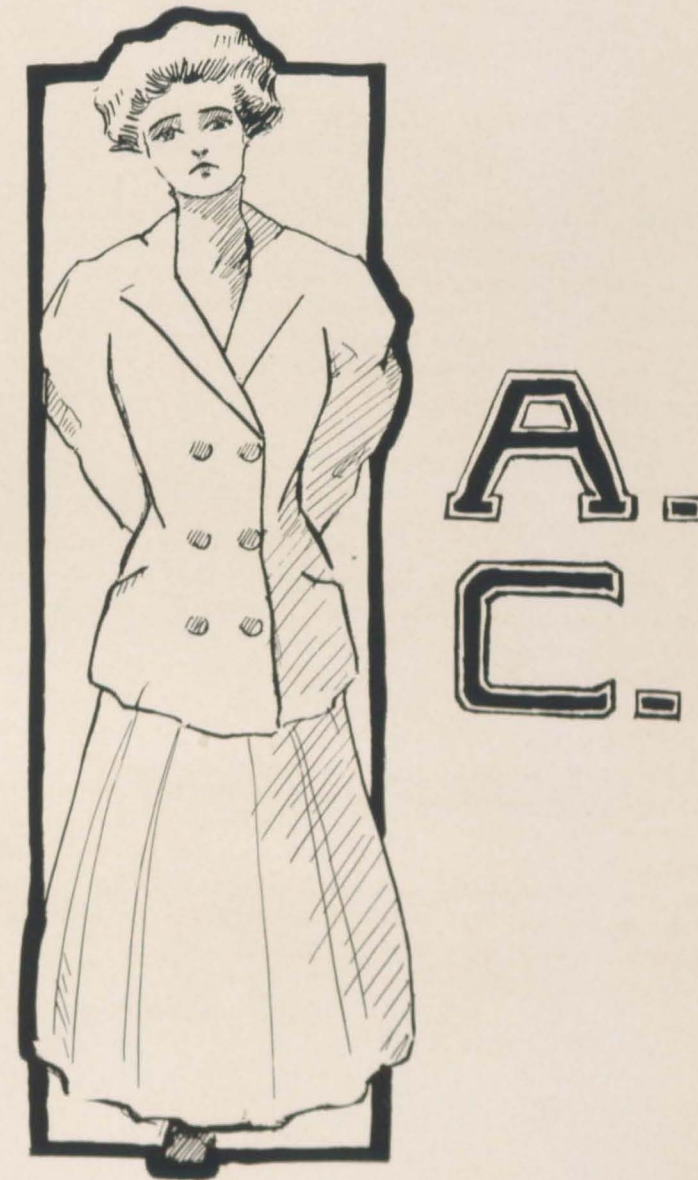
And the name of the Siren is the Degree of A. B.—sought by many and reached by few. Year after year boats set out to reach her, but they are wrecked in the tortuous channel. Still she sings, enticingly, unfeelingly.

But lo! in the year '06-'07, a new vessel appeared upon the seething waters; at the helm sat Helen Steiner, steering, and beside her stood Sophie Tillman, the trusty first-mate. Rose Hayward sat behind the two, busily keeping the log book, and seated insecurely on the stern of the boat, was Phoebe Hunter, the Scribe. Besides these four, seventeen maidens sat at the oars, pulling with strength and steadiness. From the prow floated a black and gold banner, inscribed with the figures '09 and the motto "Sapientes Simus," and perched on the staff was the owl.

Never before rode a ship so smoothly upon those troubled waters, and all the craft of the Hollins Sea looked on in admiring astonishment, as it approached nearer and nearer to the Siren. In vain other boats endeavored to follow; one after another they were shattered on the rocks.

Now another year has dawned and closed; the noble ship of '09 is as serene as ever; near and ever nearer she sails. Only five of the maidens are gone; sixteen remain staunch. Hail to you, beautiful and well-loved ship! May you avoid the splintering rocks of Idleness and Selfish Pleasure, and sail safely through the channels of Ambition, High Purpose, and Class Loyalty, until you reach the Siren at last and realize her mystic lore, on the Day of Final Attainment in nineteen hundred and nine.

PHOEBE HUNTER, (Scribe.)





# Class of Academic Certificates

## OFFICERS

MARY STONE ..... *President*  
 RUBY RAY SMITH ..... *Vice-President*  
 ELIZABETH DARLINGTON ..... *Secretary*  
 LOUISE MURPHY ..... *Treasurer*

## CLASS ROLL

ELIZABETH DARLINGTON                      TERRY TRUX LACKLAND  
 MARY PRESSLEY SMITH  
 LOUISE MURPHY                      CARRIE POOL  
 RUBY RAY SMITH                      MARY STONE

# A. C. Class



MARY STONE ..... Hurt, Virginia  
 This young lady's character may be shown best by one of her reports: IV Lit., 96; IV Comp., 98; III History, 100; II Physics, 99; III Physics, 98; III Latin, 97; III Moral Science, 98; IV Moral Science, 97; IV German, 96; V Math., 100. Besides this, when her time is not occupied with the *Quarterly*, the Y. W. C. A. and the Euzelian Society, she may be found acting in the capacity of Lady Principal.



RUBY RAY SMITH ..... Lynchburg, Virginia  
 When Miss Smith is not in Salem, where she spends one half of her time, she may be found either with Louise Stearnes or Hallie Moore. Among the many things for which she is noted are her proficiency in baby talk, her fondness for Latin and her weekly Sunday evening song recitals in the parlor. Miss Smith requests us to state, also, that she is very industrious and accomplishes a great deal of sewing in her spare moments.



ELIZABETH MARY DARLINGTON, ... Washington, D. C.  
 Miss Darlington's career at Hollins will ever be remembered as a brilliant one, for she has not only won great fame in the art of cooking by radiator steam, but has also the distinction of being the most musical girl in school. In fact, it is reported that Miss Darlington contemplates spending next winter in Scotland for the purpose of pursuing the study of the bagpipe, since this is the only instrument in which she has not already acquired proficiency at the "Hollins Conservatory of Music." It is also rumored that Dr. and Mrs. Hoffman will accompany her. Here's hoping she will attain as marked success in this as she has in all of her other accomplishments.





LOUISE BOYCE MURPHY . . . . . Dallas, Texas

When not loafing, "Pat" amuses herself with THE SPINSTER, the Eupian Society, the Dramatic, Cotillion and Glee Clubs and IV Lit., and also indulges in moonlight serenades on the East Building gallery, and writing poetry. She may be identified by pongee shirts, lavender ties, great *savoir-faire* and the long train of "darlings" always following in her lead. Her proficiency in acquiring "darlings" may be partly due, perhaps, to the fact that she plays the rôle of hero, in all theatricals given on the Hollins Stage.



MARY PRESSLEY SMITH . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky

We are proud to number among us, the scientific wonder of Hollins Institute, Miss Mary Pressley Smith. At all business meetings, this young lady entertains the Class with scholarly demonstrations of physics and chemistry experiments, but, in spite of her absorption in such matters, she finds time to "rush the babies" and may be found any afternoon, playing paper dolls at the Rathaus.



CARRIE POOL . . . . . Newberry, South Carolina

Judging from the number of small lingerie ties which Miss Pool has made in Senior Physiology Class, we feel justified in taking her at her word when she says that this is her only hobby. We can not agree, however, with Dr. Drake's accusation that, "Miss Pool works only her fingers and not her mind," for we, of Special Composition, see evidences of her brain work in her numerous original stories based on the characters of her friends and dedicated to them. She is also noted for her Southern hospitality as displayed at her celebrated tea drinkings during the morning study hour.



TERRY TRUX LACKLAND . . . . . Grove Hill, Alabama

"Truxie" is, at present, in the state of nervous collapse customary with her before each recital in which she is to participate. She is again on the strict diet prescribed by Herr Schmidt for all prospective correct performers, and we fear that this, in conjunction with her nightly vigils in the closet as she pores over senior Latin by the flickering light of a candle, may bring about a complete wreckage of her health, even before she receives her Academic Certificate.



SENIOR





# SENIORS

"Then may our names,  
Familiar in one's mouth as household words,  
Be in the flowing cups freshly remembered "

## Colors

Green and White

## Yell

Hi ti raught

Hi ti rate

Hi ti riti

Naughty eight!

To our champions—the Sophs.

After us—what then?

Nineteen ten! Nineteen ten!

Sophomore.

## OFFICERS

CLARA ELLEN FORBES .....President  
F. CATHARINE BRYAN .....Vice-President  
MARY OWEN BARKSDALE .....Secretary and Treasurer



MARY OWEN BARKSDALE, A. B. .... Houston, Va.

"From her cradle she was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Euzelian; President Y. W. C. A. '06-07; President Euzelian Open Meeting;  
Associate Editor *Quarterly*; Chairman Student Body; Secretary Class '08

## SUMMARY

"Blessed is the man, who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us  
worthy evidence of the fact."





FERREEBEE CATHARINE BRYAN, A. B. .... Shanghai, China

"Her voice changed like a bird's  
Then grew more of the music and less of words."

SPINSTER Staff; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '06-07; Vice-President Class '08;  
Assistant Librarian.

SUMMARY

*And she thinks that "Silence is the eternal duty of man."*



LORA CRUMP, A. B. .... Richmond, Virginia

"The glass of fashion and the mold of form,  
The observed of all observers."

Euepian, Φ M Γ; T. G., Maskers; Glee Club; Essayist Euepian Lee Evening;  
Striker.

SUMMARY

*"Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak."*





CLARA ELLEN FORBES, A. B. . . . . Montgomery, Alabama

"If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

Euzelian; K. K. K.; T. G.; D—F. F.; President Class '08; Captain Yemassee; President Athletic Association; Associate Editor of *Quarterly*; President Alabama Club; President Kodak Club; Glee Club; Essayist Euzelian Open Meeting.

#### SUMMARY

"What a spendthrift is she of her tongue!"

## History of the Senior Class

IN 1904-'05 when September brought again to Hollins its host of knowledge seekers, not least among the number were the simple, unassuming girls who meekly and with never a word always did as they were told. Not long was it before these humble maids were gathered together by a high and mighty Senior, who with majestic and awe-inspiring manner, united them into a Class—the Freshman Class of '04. But that was a glorious Class! Its members, almost without number, were inspired to cast aside all ideas of fun and pleasure and strive with never-failing zeal toward that far-away goal—the A. B. And so they worked, although fun and play did come in and the distant vision of the A. B. seemed too far away to ever be reached.

So when the next year came and the Sophomore Class was organized, some were found to have fallen by the wayside and yet there were still many who remained faithful and were proud to call themselves old girls and Sophomores. But when the time came to be Juniors, there were left, alas! out of that glorious Freshman Class, only a very few to take up the work and push ahead. But take it up they did and with a vim, too, and when in June they received from the Seniors the spade, they needed to be given no advice as to keeping it bright and shiny.

Again September rolled around, but how different it was this time from that first September of '04. In obedience to a sign on the bulletin board, the Seniors assembled in their parlor. How fine it seemed to have a parlor of our own and to be called Seniors, but it was with serious faces that we, the Class of '08, began on the home-stretch of our race.

Not appalled by the fact that we were the only ones who had withstood trials, temptations and examinations and had come all the way from Freshman year, we buckled on our armor in earnest, determined to win in the fray, for was not this to be the glorious Class of '08?



To say what the Class has done would take up too much time, for, to make up the lack of quantity, the quality of the Class has shone forth in all its brilliance. The Senior Class is not a heterogeneous collection of girls from this side and that, but a select few, each member feeling herself personally responsible for the upholding of the high standard of the Class.

The spirit of the Class is wonderful, the common tie of loyalty to '08 binding the members together. On Founder's Day in particular was this spirit shown when a beautiful white and green emblem of '08 appeared above the entrance to the Main Building. It was hailed joyfully by the Seniors and the faithful Sophomores, ever ready to cheer their sister class.

All year the faculty looked wonderingly at these Seniors, even doubting that anything could come from such a Class and great was their surprise when they received invitations to the Senior parlor on Founder's Day and still greater their feeling of unbelief when the Seniors mentioned giving a play. And so to the surprise and wonder of all, the Class of '08 has come forward, making known to the peaceful dwellers at Hollins that there is magic in the sign '08 and that numbers are not everything.

Now at the close of the year, people are beginning to realize that the Seniors have made their influence felt and that Hollins without them would not be Hollins. Teachers, as well as girls, are now beginning to fully appreciate the fact that the school in the secluded spot of Virginia can not exist without "The Noble Four." What would the library do, were it not for C. Bryan to say, "No talking girls!" or "You will find that book on the second shelf from the top—no, the second shelf—don't you know how to count?" What could the Euepians do without L. C. or the Euzelians without their star, C. E. F? And how could the Y. W. C. A. prosper without M. O. B. at its head? It seems that Hollins without the Senior Class will be like the play, "Hamlet," with Hamlet left out. Without this Class, which has combined in it the social, literary, moral and theatrical elements, Hollins is, alas! to be pitied.

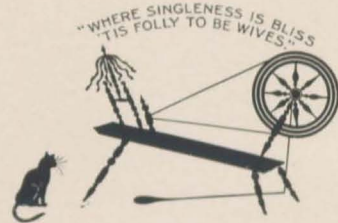
Yet, to return again to the Seniors. As the session approaches its close, and the time comes for us to lay aside our books and take from the hand of our beloved President the degree for which we have worked so hard, the pleasure, pride and happiness which we have so long anticipated are mingled with sadness, for are we not leaving, perhaps forever, our beloved Alma Mater, whom in all these years we have grown to honor, respect and love? And as with sad hearts we leave the halls and scenes of our school days,

the A. B. degree, the far-away vision now at last made real, is not our most prized possession. That is almost lost sight of in our heart's overflow of gratitude for the "friendships strong and true," for the high and lofty ideals we have gained, and so with thankfulness and love we bid farewell to our Alma Mater and go out, as women, to take our place in the world according as she has taught us.

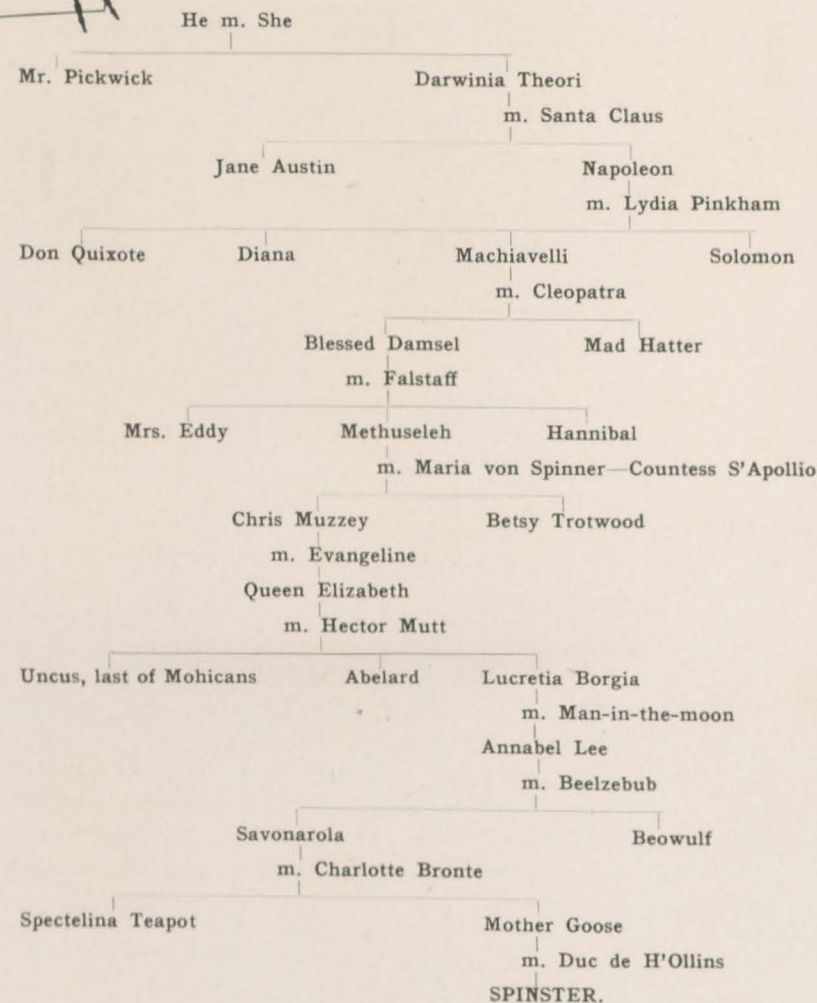
MARY BARKSDALE.







## YE FAMILY TREE OF YE SPINSTER



## Rachel at Harvard

IT was a bitter cold day; the wind spared nothing, making numb every living being it touched. Rachel Palmer had been to tea in Cambridge, and after being almost blown the distance of two blocks to the place for taking the in-town car, she stood on the corner a full ten minutes, seeking protecting shelter from a telegraph pole. Soon, though it seemed hours to her, she realized some misfortune must have assailed her car, for every other one on the line passed her with the most cruel indifference, yet hers did not appear. It was too cold to wait longer, and in a minute more it would be too late to try to move, for she would be a veritable stalagmite, mused she.

The first thought which entered that clever head of hers, and made those brown eyes light up with a gleam warm in anticipation, was to go across the square to "Big Brother's" rooms in Dunster Hall, warm herself, and then have him take her home. The plan was no sooner thought of than the campaign was put into action, and two little feet were making rapid headway toward Dunster 61.

By taking the elevator she finally reached the longed-for sixty-one, haven of warmth, and with stiff fingers, knocked upon the door. No responsive "Come in" greeted this expectant little Miss, but instead there was a stony silence. She tried the door but it was locked. Where on earth could he be? Probably at the Owl's Roost or with the Glee Club.

Rachel thought she'd ask where he was, so she stepped across the hall and knocked on the door of Big Brother's best friend, but lo! Harold Walker was not in either. At least his door wasn't locked, so she went on in to warm herself there until Big Brother should come.

What an attractive room Harold had! She had seen it many times before, but it now appeared unusually attractive, everything tending toward comfort. She looked at all the pictures, then sat down at the pianola, but no, she was too tired to play. The wind must have made her feel so stupid. She flung herself into a big armchair, and oh, how comfortable it did feel!

Sleet was beating upon the panes, and how glad she was that she had come to dear old Dunster instead of eternally waiting on that corner, which she was sure was the sought-for North Pole.

\* \* \* \* \*



"Coo-coo, coo-coo," came from a little Swiss bird, whose nest was a clock over the open fireplace. Rachel opened her eyes, stared around her, and tried to take in just where she was. How many times did the dove coo-coo? She hadn't counted, and my, it was so dark, she couldn't see. She got up and turned the switch, and as the light flooded the room, it flashed over her where she was—in Harold Walker's sitting-room. The clock said six-thirty, but surely it wasn't running,—still it was dark.

In a flash she realized her situation. She had gone to sleep in Hal's room; it was then nearing seven o'clock, and the rule is that no woman shall be inside the building after six unless chaperoned by a matron or one of the deans.

She decided to knock again at Big Brother's door, and if he had not come, she would go home alone, even though it was completely dark. She hastily smoothed her rippling hair, readjusted her veil, had her hand on the door-knob, and had turned to see if she had left any tell-tale traces of her rather hasty and unconventional visit, when voices from the outside came nearer and nearer the door. If it were only Harold, she could explain all, but there were two or three men coming. She must not be seen here, that she knew. Should she run into the bedroom adjoining? There was no time for thought so she jumped behind the big Davenport which crossed one corner of the study.

The door opened and Harold came in, and with him three fellows. Rachel thought surely they would go in a few minutes, and she would be freed from her self-imposed prison. The first disheartening sign came in the form of tobacco smoke. The boys had gotten out their cigarettes, and were leisurely smoking before the logs in the fireplace.

"What time is the staff to come, Mister Editor-in-chief?" said a deep voice which Rachel thought belonged to a pair of gray silk hose not far from her. Her thoughts quickly left the socks, however, and travelled to higher and more exasperating things. Did this mean that there would be a meeting of the "Lampoon" editors in that room shortly? Surely not, but what else could she infer from his words? In the heat of Rachel's mental wars, a rap came at the door and two more men came in.

Her cheeks grew redder, and she became more excited every minute. Surely, after all, the best thing to do would be to come out, defy convention and rule, and go on her way rejoicing. She felt a chill of mortification, when she foresaw a mental picture of her, Rachel Palmer, arising unan-

nounced from behind the Davenport in the corner, and in halting speech, explaining why and how she came to be in that horrid place.

This dreaded course was about to be adopted, however, when the conversation was arrested by another knock at the door, and in came one more man.

"Good evening, Professor. We are so glad you could spare us a little of your time tonight, as your suggestions are always invaluable."

Could it be true? A professor come to a "Lampoon" meeting? With an inward sigh, Rachel silently made herself as comfortable as possible. In a minute more, she knew that this objectionable person was none other than Doctor Fairlie, who had been to her home a number of times with Big Brother. He always seemed to be jolly and thoroughly humorous, but it would be his unavoidable duty to report a violation of the "fluffy-ruffles" law, as it was called. All egotistical ideas vanished in the thought that poor, innocent Hal would receive a little notice the next morning, saying his presence was no longer requested, if she, that troublesome Rachel, were discovered lodging behind his couch.

Men came in groups, and when at last they were all assembled, the business and the editorials of the next issue were gone over. The jokes were read, and if the boys hadn't laughed as forcibly as they did, they might have heard a little feminine giggle emerging from the far corner of the room. The dean seemed in a jovial humor, and laughed a long time when the boys told him of the error made two issues back, which was, in writing praise of a noble general, the "Lampoon" spoke of him as a "battle scared" veteran. The editors received a letter from the old gentleman requesting that this be rectified; so in the apology, the paper stated that what was intended to be said was a "bottle scarred" veteran. With a third attempt, the statement was correctly printed, and the proper impression made. This was the climax for Rachel, who was almost convulsed with laughter; but with a master stroke she screwed up her face and made not a sound.

"Gentlemen, all business over, allow me to entertain you for a few minutes with some music, my one accomplishment," said Harold, moving toward the pianola. As he sat down, he caught sight of the toe of a little patent leather slipper at the back end of the divan.

"By Jove! What's this?" he exclaimed, and walked toward the object of his suspicion. Rachel sat upon the treacherous foot, and made herself as small as possible. She knew Hal was quick to comprehend, but she firmly believed her time had come. As Hal leaned over the back of the sofa, a



pretty face was so close to his, it almost made him start, but a warning finger over her lips kept him silent.

"Why, I was sure I saw something, but it's not what I thought," he explained to the guests as he reseated himself at the piano. Hal's nervousness at his late discovery showed itself in the way he worked those pedals. "Il Trovatore" was butchered by being played like lightning. It was no wonder that the company didn't call for more numbers, but resumed the conversation instead.

After a general chat on politics, landscape, seascape and the weather, the boys left in groups. Men would come and men would go, but the professor didn't move. Once he yawned, so surely he would soon go. Just at this point the door was unceremoniously flung open, and who should come in, wrapped to the ears, but Big Brother!

"Hal, if any one calls for me, just say I won't be in tonight. Mother has just 'phoned me that little sister left home at three o'clock, and hasn't been seen since. I'm first going over to the Kingsley's, and if she is not there, I'm afraid an all-night's search is staring me in the face."

If he had only known that little sister was reposing in the corner, he wouldn't have been nearly so agitated! In haste the door was slammed, and a troubled and excited brother hurried down the steps, taking four at a time.

"Excuse m-me, professor, just a moment," stammered Harold, realizing that he must go after Palmer and tell him the mysterious truth, a veritable enigma to him. Just as he reached the first floor, Palmer was in his machine starting off.

"Palmer! Come here!" shrieked Hal.

"Haven't time now, my boy. See you later" was the answer, as the big machine whizzed around the corner and was out of sight.

When Harold had gone out, the room became frightfully still, the professor pipe-dreaming in a Morris chair. Suddenly a frantic shriek of "Help! Brother! Hal!" came from the direction of the lounge, and a very startled man jumped from his chair. At the same instant a pretty toque with a fascinating face beneath it, came into view.

"A mouse was right on the edge of my skirt! I could stand anything else, but oh, that horrid mouse!"

A blush spread over her piquant features as she looked imploringly at the dean, who was equally as embarrassed as she.

"I came here waiting for brother," she said, "and no one was in, so I

dozed off in my chair. I was just starting out when the 'Lampoon' staff came and stopped me. And I've been here ever since. But it's all my fault, and not Hal's, so won't you ship me instead?"

Just then Harold came in and his face lengthened six inches at the sight which greeted his eye. His degree fell from its lofty pinnacle into an unfathomable abyss. All his hopes and plans were thwarted in that instant, and he felt the presence of that monster, "Disappointment," close at hand.

"Mr. Walker, it is my duty to remind you that young ladies must not be in the building after six o'clock; the penalty for breaking this law you doubtless know." Hal and Rachel were breathless. "The second clause of this rule, however, provides that if young ladies be chaperoned by a matron or a dean, their presence is permissible. Fortunately for you both, I have happened in tonight to act as chaperone at this evening's leap year call, so we will say no more about it."

When this was said, Rachel declared Dr. Fairlie "the grandest man she had ever seen," and Hal swore he'd be his friend for life.

Palmer came back from the Kingsley's to get Hal to be his Doctor Watson on a Sherlock Holmes tour of investigation, and as he came in, what should he see but the object of his search happily smiling first at the professor, then at Hal.

"Little sister," he cried, "where on earth have you been?"

"I know you'll want to call me 'little demon' when you learn that I've been here all the time," she said, gazing into his bewildered eyes.

He stopped her with a kiss, which made looks of envy fill two other faces in the room.

"Before another word, let me 'phone poor, anxious mother that you are with me," said Palmer, taking up the receiver, and vigorously calling for Brookline. This done, he 'phoned to the garage for the machine to take this little straying sheep back to the fold.

The little Swiss bird sang to them eleven notes in succession.

"Big Brother," said Rachel, "we must hurry home, but first let me propose a toast to our dean:

*"You've saved my life, and Hal's degree,  
So here's long life fore'er to thee;  
To you we're indebted tenfold and double,  
For the time, the place, and the girl was the trouble."*

ELLEN LINN MOLTON.

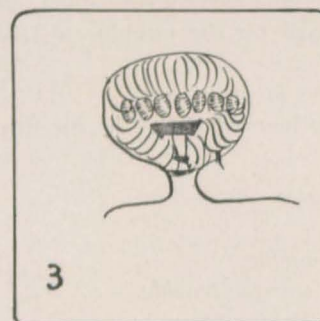
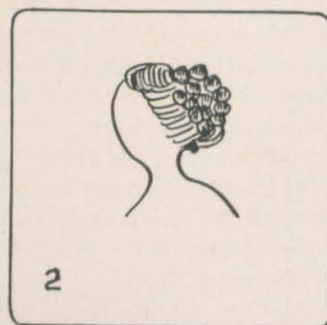


## The Prebailing Fashions of 1908



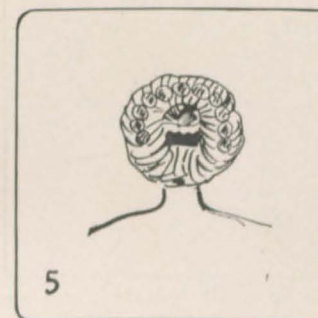
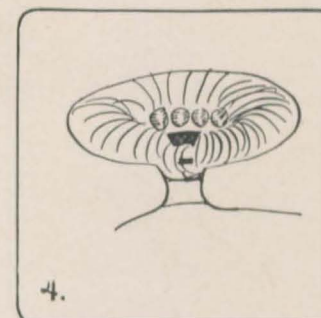
The fact that the wearing of hair-puffs is very fashionable is, in itself, sufficient reason for the Hollins girls to adopt this mode of hair-dressing. We are especially blessed at Hollins, however, in having young ladies with us who illustrate all the infinite variety of its styles. In Block One we have the style illustrated as set forth by Miss Tillman. She prefers the simple, natural curves of hair clinging to her head, instead of stiff, artificial pompadours.

In illustration Number Two, Miss Mountcastle has given us a style that is thoroughly individual. She is the one exponent of this style:—the hair is parted and drawn back severely from the brow; voluminous puffs on the back of the head overhang the collar at an angle of thirty degrees.



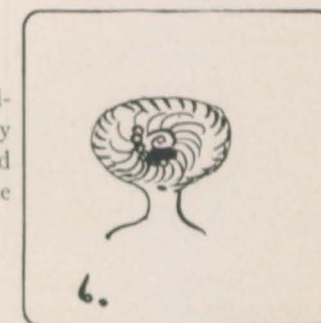
Illustrations Nine and Ten are very similar—puffs are on the back of the head, with pompadours small in front and large on the sides and back. Number Nine is Miss Carpenter's style, Number Ten, Miss Orrick's. The main difference in these styles is that Miss Orrick wears her puffs in a symmetrical shape, while Miss Carpenter tapers hers down to a point near the neck.

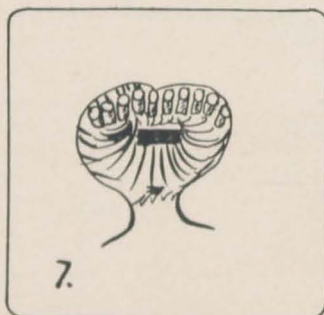
Illustration Three represents Miss Wilhite's style; a marvel of symmetry. Her pompadour is equally proportioned all around and the puffs are placed across the back of the head in a regular row.



Number Five represents Miss Murphy's conception of puffing. She erects her pompadour and then places the puffs thereon as though they were a wreath of flowers.

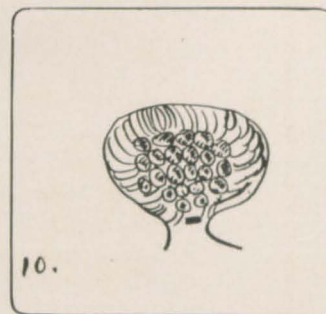
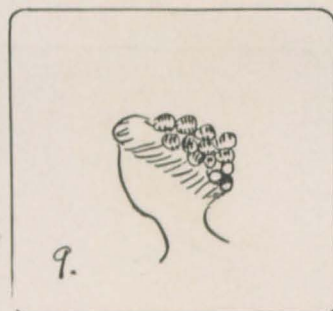
Number Six shows Miss Crump's fondness for tiny puffs. She wears five very minute curls just below her comb, and though they are barely visible, her conscience is satisfied and she knows she is in style.





Number Seven is an interesting variation from the hackneyed methods of puffing—Miss Lawson lets her puffs—whose name is legion—rest on top of her pompadour, and leaves a pleasing cavity in the end of each, in the manner of a curl.

Numbers Four and Eight present the height of originality; the one as regards the pompadour, the other as regards the puffs. Miss Meeks shows us an enormous pompadour, loosely constructed, and secured at the back by four puffs. Miss Hayward's ideal of style tends to extreme looseness of puffs. Her hair is secured by two puffs pinned loosely on top, and below these, hanging airily by one pin, are three others, which give her head an effect of careless grace.



individuality are the keynotes of the development of this fad in the Hollins world, and its development is still in progress;—the day will soon be at hand when no Hollins head remains unpuffed.

S. O. T.





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## Spinster Maxims

"CLUBS WE ARE BORN TO."

LOOK not with envy upon such as walk in these places, my Daughter. Their paths lead but to the enlargement of the SPINSTER Directory, and they glory in that strangers deem them laden with honors, and that they have scaled even unto the topmost rung, the social ladder of Hollins.

Beware of the entertainers that lie in wait of a Monday. Verily, they will fall upon thee and carry off thy silver and thy fine plate, and never more wilt thine eyes behold them.

With vain promises wilt they deceive thee, but biddest thou good-bye to whatsoever thou shalt loan unto them.

Divers people of the earth do gather together at the summonings of those Clubs, and do accost one another saying, "I wonder when cometh the food of this day?"

Hurriedly do they fill themselves like unto fowls at the scattering of corn, and they depart saying unto one another: "Greatly have I been bored, but of the feast of olives and of fruit salad, mightily have I partaken."

And other nations of the world do gather together and make strange music upon instruments of strings. Oftentimes they accompany their sounds with the voice, and like unto one possessed of an evil spirit do they vibrate upon the air.

Yea, verily, I say unto you, my Daughter, the cat upon the back fence is not to be considered when the people raise their voices in praise of the gods of love, or in invocation to the queen of the Ragtime.

But take all that is coming to thee, my Daughter, for perchance thy lot may not be cast with those who are born to the great things of Hollins, and as it has been written aforetime in the Law, the Stranger without the gates knoweth nothing of the punkiness of these organizations.



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JESSIE NIEMEYER .....	Memphis
ELIZABETH TRUE .....	Memphis
VIRGINIA WILLIAMS .....	Elizabethton





TENNESSEE CLUB







SWINFORD



WILSON



RODGERS



SMITH



TRUEHART



HOBSON



PECK

STUDIO: Peck & Co.

KENTUCKY CLUB



## Texas Club Representation.

### OFFICERS

LOUISE MURPHY.....President  
DOLLY SELIGMANN.....Vice-President  
CARRIE JONES.....Secretary and Treasurer

### MEMBERS

BESS HARLAN .....	Martin	JOSIE KINCAID.....	San Antonio
SUSIE BRISCOE .....	Foster	BESSIE KINCAID .....	Galveston
GEORGIE BRISCOE.....	Foster	ETTIE KINCAID .....	San Antonio
JULIA BROWN .....	Beaumont	PAULINE LAWRENCE .....	Lovelady
HARRIET BRYAN.....	El Paso	NETTIE MAYNARD.....	Bastrop
MARGARET BRYAN .....	El Paso	LOUISE MURPHY .....	Dallas
CLYDE COLLIER .....	Waco	MARGARET RUSSEL.....	Bonham
CLARE DENMAN.....	San Antonio	IRENE SANDIDGE .....	Stephenville
ROBIN HICKS.....	Kaufman	SARAH SANDIDGE .....	Stephenville
WILLIE ANNA HOUSTON...	Westhoff	DOLLY SELIGMANN .....	Seguin
CARRIE JONES .....	San Antonio	THETA SHOLARS .....	Orange
JULIA SMITH .....			Paris
MARY ELIZABETH WILSON .....			San Antonio





## Tar Heel Club

Colors  
White and Blue

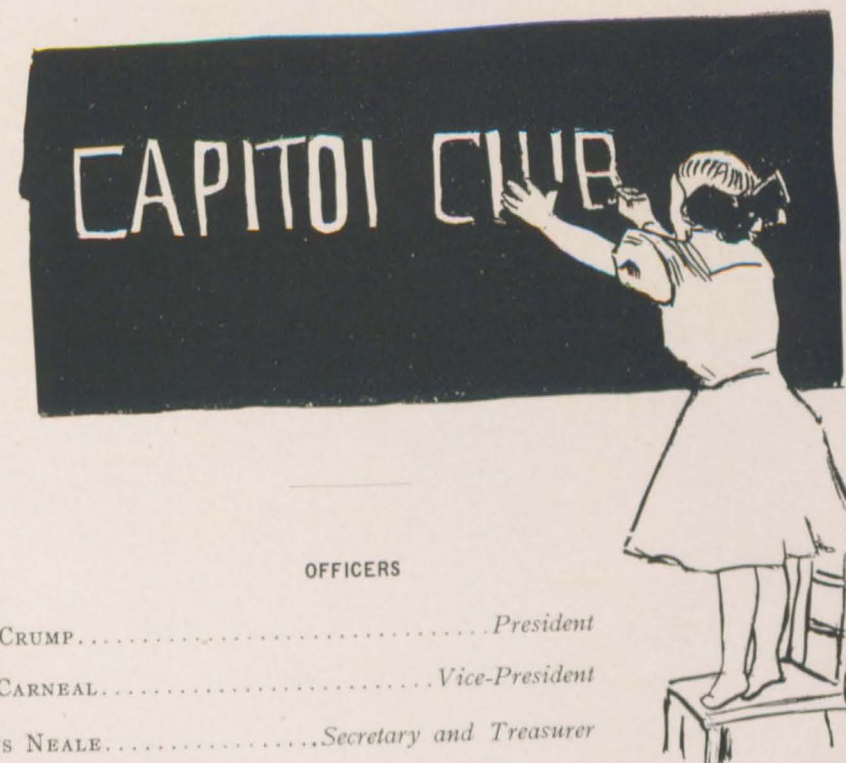
Song  
Carolina

### OFFICERS

LALLA K. BURTON ..... *President*  
MILDRED SMITH ..... *Vice-President*  
EDWINA LOCKETT ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

LILLIAN WEAVER ..... Asheville, North Carolina  
NANCY MERRIMAN ..... Asheville, North Carolina  
ANNIE GREGORY ..... Stovall, North Carolina  
LALLA BURTON ..... Henderson, North Carolina  
MARGARET SMITH ..... Wilmington, North Carolina  
EDWINA LOCKETT ..... Winston-Salem, North Carolina  
MILDRED SMITH ..... Wilmington, North Carolina  
BELLE HEYER ..... Wilmington, North Carolina  
EFFIE SINCLAIR ..... Fayetteville, North Carolina  
RUBY SNOW ..... High Point, North Carolina



### OFFICERS

LORA CRUMP ..... *President*  
NELL CARNEAL ..... *Vice-President*  
GLADYS NEALE ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

MARGARET CHEWNING - - - - - MARY CARNEAL  
ISABELLE JONES - - - - - MARGARET KENDRICK  
INEZ KENDRICK - - - - - MAY ROLIN  
NELL WALKER

# West Virginia Club

## Colors

Gold and Blue

## Flower

Rhododendron

## Motto

We Meet to Eat

## OFFICERS

HARRIET E. MOORE.....*President*

HAZEL ANNIE SHANKLIN.....*Vice-President*

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

## MEMBERS

HARRIET E. MOORE.....Lewisburg

HAZEL ANNIE SHANKLIN.....Charleston

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT.....Bluefield

GLADYS JENKINS.....Bluefield

MARY JENKINS.....Bluefield

NAN SUDDUTH.....Welch

ANNA SHIELDS.....Bramwell

MOELLE KIRKENDALL.....Martinsburg

ALMAH MCCONIHAY.....Charleston

VIRGINIA GILCHRIST.....Wheeling

VIRGINIA CORKE.....Charleston





GILCHRIST



MOORE



SUDDUTH



SHANKLIN



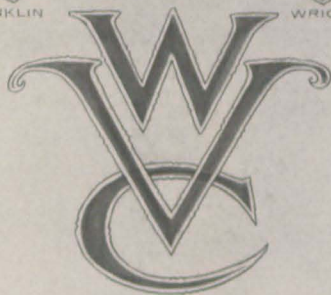
WRIGHT



MCCONIHAY



CORKE



G. JENKINS



KUYKENDALL



M. JENKINS



SHIELDS



## Georgia Club

### Motto

Eat, Drink and be Merry

### Colors

Red and Black

### Song

"In Dear Old Georgia."

### OFFICERS

MARION WILKINSON.....*President*  
RIENETTE MILLER.....*Vice-President*  
OLINE BUTTS.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

CATHARINE CLARKE.....Atlanta  
ELIZABETH BENNETT.....Quitman  
LOUISE GROUSE.....Savannah  
ELSIE WISE.....Columbus  
EDITH WILLINGHAM.....Macon  
MARJORIE VAN DIVERE.....Savannah  
CAROLYN WILLINGHAM.....College Park  
OLINE BUTTS.....Columbus  
ELIZABETH WILLINGHAM.....Macon  
RIENETTE MILLER.....Atlanta  
MAEV RICHARDSON.....Atlanta  
ADELAIDE MCBRIDE.....Savannah  
CAMILLE WILLINGHAM.....Macon  
MARION WILKINSON.....Valdosta  
RUTH ABBOT.....Louisville

### HONORARY MEMBERS

MRS. A. F. CUTHBERTSON      MRS. ELLA COCKE  
MRS. LUCIAN COCKE





LONGAN



SETTLE

# MISSOURI CLUB



FIELD



MC ENTIRE

J. STONE, Photographer

# South Carolina Club

Colors  
Gold and White

Flower  
Daisy

## Song

"Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow"

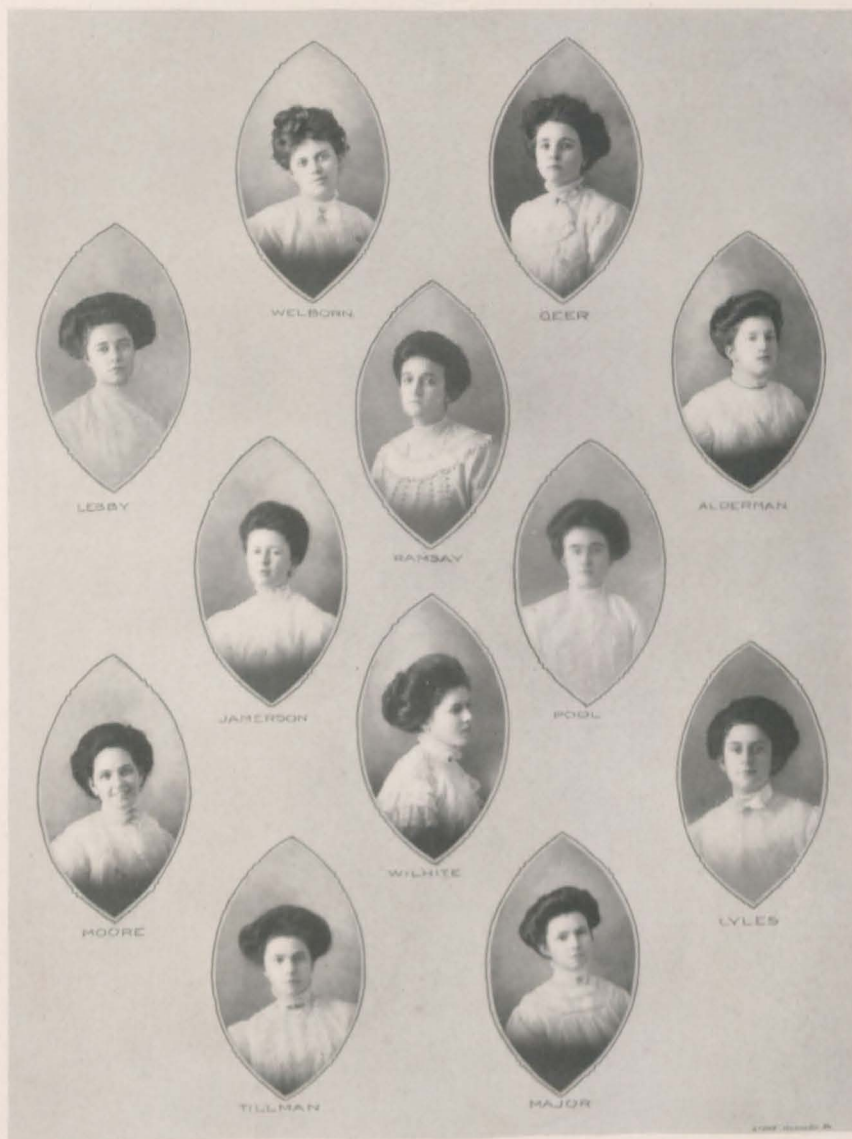
## OFFICERS

CARRIE POOL ..... *President*  
MAYSIE LYLES ..... *Vice-President*  
EUDORA RAMSEY ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

## MEMBERS

SARAH WILHITE ..... Anderson  
MOZEL ALDERMAN ..... Alcolu  
MARGARET GEER ..... Easley  
RUTH LAWTON ..... Hartsville  
PAULINE LAWTON ..... Hartsville  
MARIE LEBBY ..... Charleston  
SARAH JAMISON ..... Greenwood  
BESSIE MAJOR ..... Anderson  
ELSIE WELBORN ..... Anderson  
MAYSIE LYLES ..... Columbia  
PAMELA MOORE ..... Columbia  
SOPHIE TILLMAN ..... Trenton  
CARRIE POOL ..... Newberry  
EUDORA RAMSEY ..... Charleston





SOUTH CAROLINA CLUB



## Alabama Club

Song  
Alabama

Motto  
Meet to Eat

Colors  
Red and White

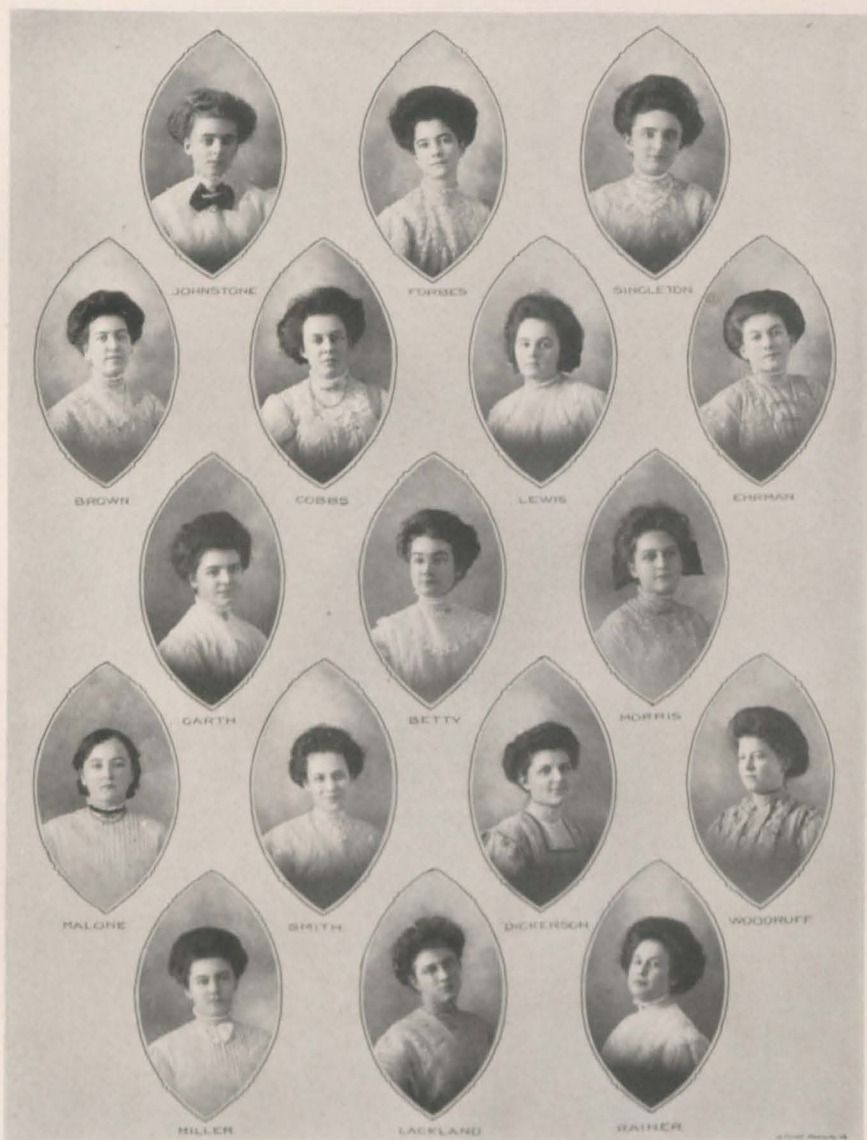
### OFFICERS

CLARA ELLEN FORBES.....*President*  
ELLEN JONES DICKERSON.....*Vice-President*  
HELEN CAMP STEINER.....*Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

GRACE BETTY..... Montgomery  
VIRGINIA BROWN..... Scottsboro  
ISABELLE COBBS..... Montgomery  
ELLEN DICKERSON..... Birmingham  
CLARA ELLEN FORBES..... Montgomery  
GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE..... Montgomery  
TRUXIE LACKLAND..... Grove Hill  
MARGARET LEWIS..... Birmingham  
FLORIE MALONE..... Dothan  
WILLIE BELL MORRIS..... Dothan  
ELLEN LINN MOLTON..... Birmingham  
WILELLA ELY RAINER..... Union Springs  
MAMIE SINGLETON..... Union Springs  
HELEN STENIER..... Montgomery  
JULIA PRATT SMITH..... Prattville  
ELIZABETH WOODRUFF..... Anniston  
ANNIE BOYCE MILLER..... Camden





ALABAMA CLUB



## Illinois Club

Flower	Colors	Song
Goldenrod	Orange and Blue	Illinois

### OFFICERS

MAUDE ABBOTT.....	<i>President</i>
ALDAH MANN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
GRACE MITCHELL.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

### MEMBERS

JESSIE MAXWELL.....	Robinson
GRACE MITCHELL.....	Mt. Carmel
ALDAH MANN.....	Robinson
FRANCES MITCHELL.....	Mt. Carmel
MAUDE ABBOTT.....	Robinson





MANN



G. MITCHELL



F. MITCHELL



ABBOT

STORY, March 16

ILLINOIS CLUB

## Granddaughters of Hollins

Our mothers were Hollins girls,  
And we now here in their stead;  
Are striving to do as they have done,  
And to follow as they have led.

Granddaughters	Daughters
LOUISE BLACK .....	LIZZIE KENT OTEY
HARRIET BRYAN )	LILIAN LYLES
MARGARET BRYAN )	
JEANIE COCKE .....	LUCIAN H. COCKE
MARGARET COCKE .....	ELLA KERVIN
LORA CRUMP .....	NANNIE ARMSTEAD
RUBY DICKINSON .....	SARAH LOOK
ANNE ESTES .....	CARRIE HOWELL
ROSE HAYWARD )	MARY S. COCKE
SULLY HAYWARD )	
MAYSIE LYLES .....	MAYS SLOAN
SALLIE MARTIN .....	MAMIE BLOUNT
MARY MILES .....	MATTIE MORGAN
COURTNEY RUDD .....	MAY BAGBY
JULIA THOM .....	BESSIE MILLER
LOUISE RATH )	
GERTRUDE RATH )	LEILA TURNER
VIRGINIA RATH )	
JULIA SMITH .....	TOLLIE CAMPBELL
MARGARET SCOTT .....	ELIZA BICKHAM
LEWIS STEARNES .....	BENTLEY KING
JULIA THOM .....	BESSIE MILLER
MARY WAUGH WILSON .....	LUCY F. JONES
ELIZABETH DARLINGTON .....	CHARLES C. MEADOR

### HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS THALIA S. HAYWOOD	MRS. ERICH RATH
MR. M. ESTES COCKE	





GRANDDAUGHTERS OF HOLLINS

## Spinster Maxims

"CLUBS WE HAVE ACHIEVED."

LOOK with awe, O my daughter, upon such as have reached to these places. But perchance thou mayest not be able to see even so much as the tip end of their noses. So high do they hold themselves and so great is their pride that not even the depth, or the breadth, or the height of Hollins may encompass them.

But verily I say unto you, their day of destruction is close at hand unless they shall mend their ways and come down from the perches unto which they have climbed in their pride and vainglory.

They don high collars, and soft puffs, and train their hair to go backwards, as they have been elected unanimously.

They go about wearing strange emblems on their garments and no woman may know the signification thereof, for great is the mystery and the secrecy of these organizations.

Under cover of night do they wander about, and strange noises, and the wailing and gnashing of teeth are borne from their haunts.

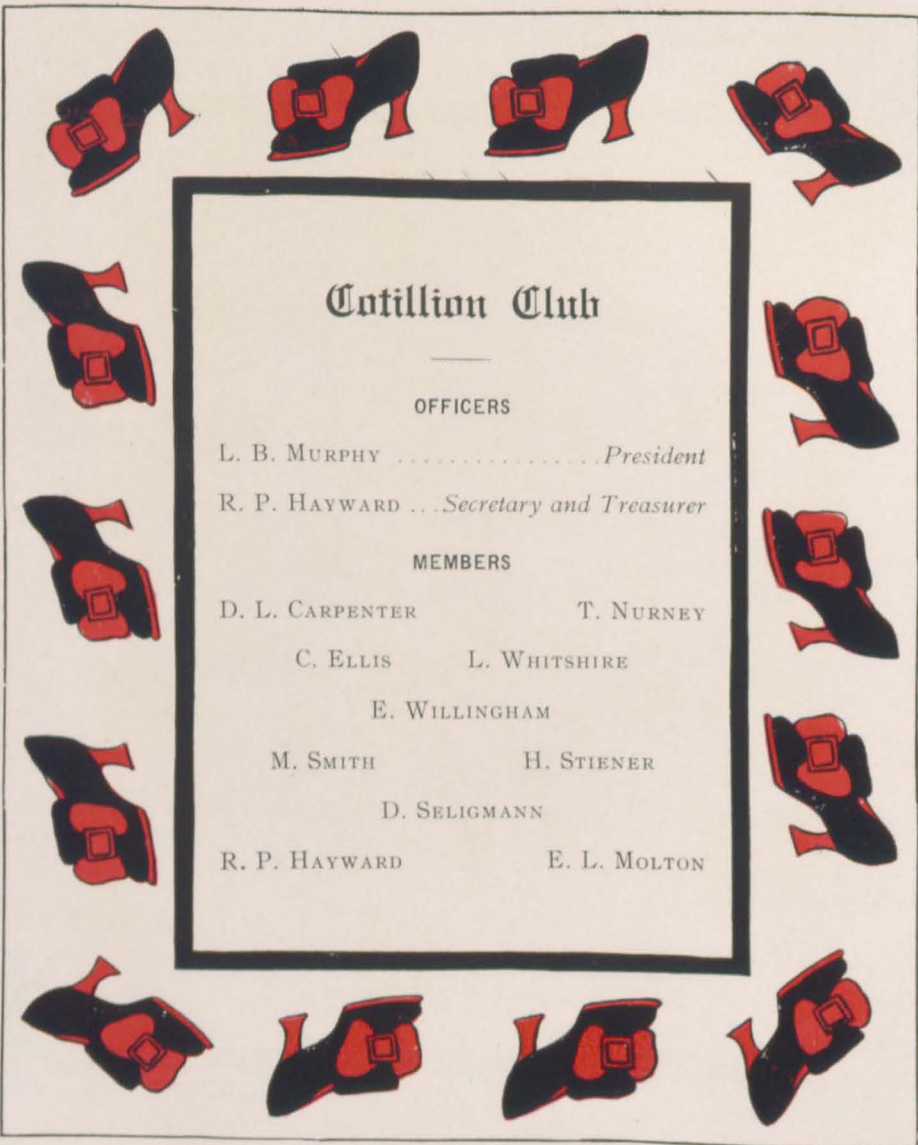
But beware, O my daughter, and refrain thy lips from comment on these disturbances or great will be the squelch if thou dost inquire too deeply into their business.

If thy friend be stiff and pale, ask not whereof she hath acquired this humor. If her steps be feeble and her eyes be dull and drowsy, and if she refuses the food that thou offerest, say nought of her strange conduct, and conceal from her and her friends, the wink that thou givest to thy neighbor.

Weep not, O my daughter, if thou shalt be scorned by these people, rather put on thy robes of festivity, and rush among them with sweet words and administer unto them thy doses of flattery; then perchance thou mayest enter into the Kingdom and no woman may say of you, "She is but an Un—."







## Cotillion Club

### OFFICERS

L. B. MURPHY ..... *President*

R. P. HAYWARD ... *Secretary and Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

D. L. CARPENTER

T. NURNEY

C. ELLIS

L. WHITSHIRE

E. WILLINGHAM

M. SMITH

H. STIENER

D. SELIGMANN

R. P. HAYWARD

E. L. MOLTON



COTILLION CLUB

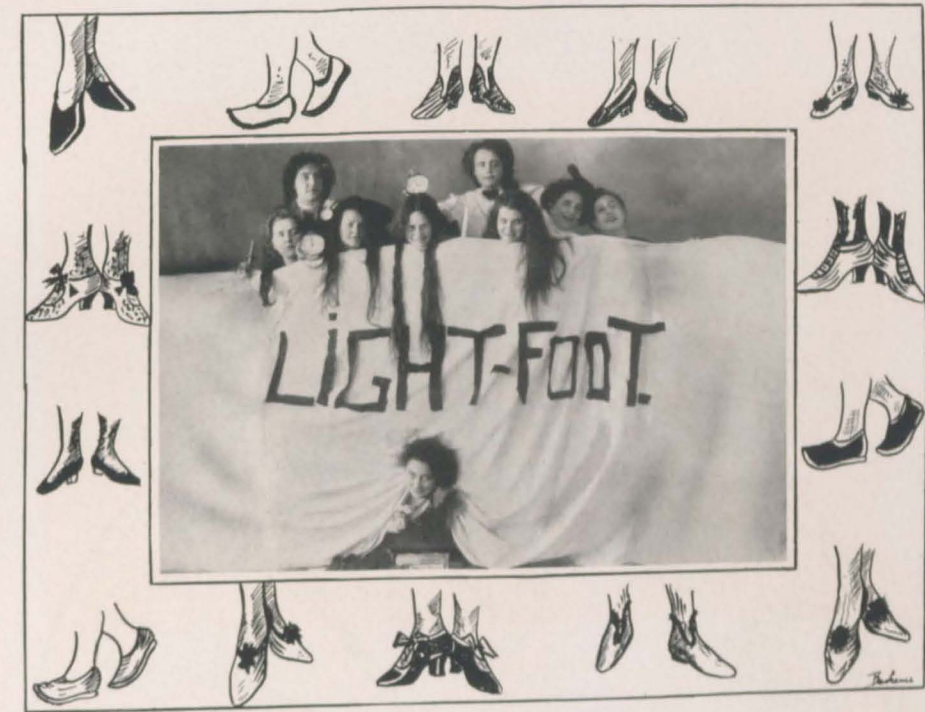




## Strikers

### MEMBERS

LORA CRUMP	SULLY HAYWARD
PHOEBE HUNTER	HELEN STEINER
LOUISE MURPHY	REINETTE MILLER
VIRGINIA FOSTER	SOPHIE TILLMAN



Color  
Lantern Light

Watchword  
Sh-sh-sssh

Song  
I'll be there at 10:30

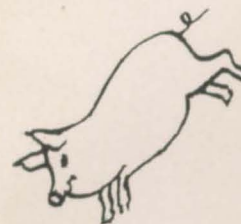
### CHOSEN FEW

HELEN STEINER	Peter Pincher
LOUISE CARPENTER	Motley Mucker
ELLEN LINN MOLTON	Sleepy Slunk
LUCY WITT	Jabbering Jamberwac
MARY MILES	Snickering Sneezer
ANNIE ESTES	Hasty Hider
EDITH WILLINGHAM	Grub Grabber
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER	Quiet Quibber
MARGARET CHEWNING	Relicking Rover

### HONORARY MEMBER

MRS. CUTHBERTSON





D—H. H.

Watchword  
More

BECKY PORTER  
"Please go 'way and let me sleep"  
HAZEL SHANKLIN  
"First to come; last to leave"  
ELLEN DICKERSON  
"I'll have to set five alarms"  
MABEL WOOLFORD  
"Will caillleen make me jaf?"

HEN TAYLOR  
"Always behind like a cow's tail"

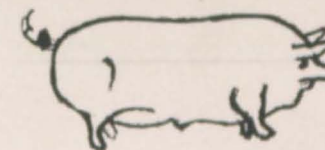


BESS HARLAN  
"Can't come! Cecil Rhett is sick"

LALLA BURTON  
"Woe is me"

ANNIE ESTES  
"Give me any old thing"

JULIA PRATT SMITH  
"My alarm didn't sound"



Motto

Practice Makes Perfect Pigs

CLARA ELLEN FORBES  
"Don't talk to me about seniorism"

LELL RAINER  
"He! he! he! he! I'm coming through the keyhole"

LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE  
"Eat your crumbs"

EDITH WILLINGHAM  
"Sh - h - h - h"







### Hrowlers

MOORE  
ROPER

MATTHEWS  
LONGAN

WALKER  
NEALE

HALEY  
WILLIAMS

CRANE  
CARNEAL

SINGLETON  
CLOMAN

GILCHRIST  
SMITH



# DRAMATIC CLUB



## MEMBERS

LOUISE BOYCE MURPHY	.....	<i>President</i>
SOPHIE TILLMAN	LUCY WILTSHIRE	BECKY PHILLIPS
GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE	LOUISE MURPHY	ROSE HAYWARD
BECKY PORTER	VIRGINIA FOSTER	MABEL WOOLFORD
		PHOEBE HUNTER

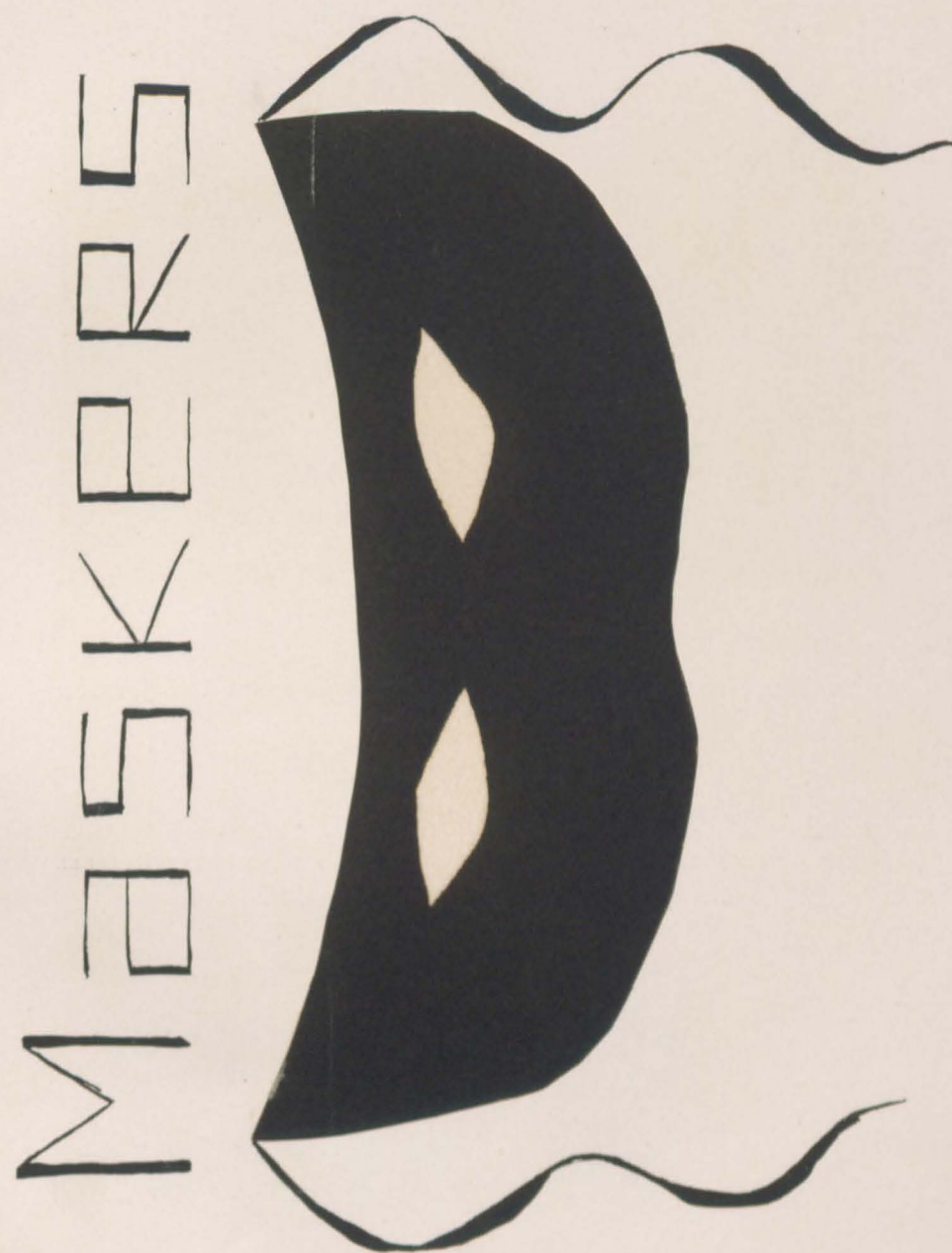




## Glee Club

### MEMBERS

LOUISE BOYCE MURPHY..... *President*  
     SOPHIE TILLMAN  
     ROSE HAYWARD    VIRGINIA FOSTER  
     PHOEBE HUNTER    ELLEN LINN MOLTON  
     LUCY BROWN    HAZEL MIDDAGH    LORA CRUMP  
     LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE    LOUIE STERNES    HAZEL SHANKLIN  
     ELLEN DICKERSON    ELIZABETH TRUE    NAN ROPER  
     RUBY RAE SMITH    CLARA ELLEN FORBES  
     CORNELIA ELLIS    LOUISE MURPHY  
 MAMIE SINGLETON                      HELEN STEINER



## H. H. Club

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### MEMBERS

LUCY GAINES BROWN

ROBERTA LEE JACKSON

ELIZABETH MARY DARLINGTON

ANNIE BRICE MILLER

MARGARET ALEXANDER RUSSELL





P. PH.



LACKLAND



LAWSON



CAMPBELL



LINCOLN



WILLIAMSON



SHOLARS



KUSIAN

S. G. CLUB



GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE

MARGARET CHEWNING

HELEN STEINER

ROSE HAYWOOD

LOUISE CARPENTER

ELIZABETH DOWNES

PHOEBE HUNTER

NAN ROPER

PAMELA MOORE

ELIZABETH WILLINGHAM

ELLEN LINN MOLTON

FRANCES LONGAN

JEANIE COCKE





ESTES



FORBES



HAYWARD



CARPENTER



COCKE



CRUMP



TILLMAN





STONY BROOK, N.Y.





REBEKAH PHILLIPS

PHOEBE HUNTER

GERTRUDE JOHNSTONE

SOPHIE TILLMAN

MARY MILES

ROSE HAYWARD

LOUISE MURPHY

THERESE NURNEY

KATHRYN MOCKBEE

# ANNUAL KNOCKER

"HERE'S TO THE WORST IN THE BEST OF US,"  
"HERE'S TO THE BEST IN THE WORST OF US."

PRICE  
OF BEING A FRAT

FRATVILLE, SEPTEMBER, 1907—JUNE, 1908.

VOL. I.

## MURDER

### Young Girl Torn to Pieces



7 M's Rich - when AP and P.O. of fear  
to find.

### Dreadful Details Just Come to Light

#### DETECTIVES ARE ON THE TRAIL

Miss Newlycome, a well-known character of Fratville, was this evening fallen upon and torn to pieces by a band of blood-thirsty villains.

THE FATAL QUESTION WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT HER FATE.

About dusk, Miss Newlycome was enjoying a solitary ramble through the fields and campus and becoming tired of her own companionship accosted a passer-by and spoke to him thus: "Can you show me the shortest road to Fratville?" A stare of sur-  
(Continued on page 2)

## YOUNG LADIES ROASTED ALIVE

### Evidences of Cannibalism in Fratville

Evidences of cannibalism have been found to exist within Fratville. Several young ladies, whose names have been withheld from the public, are positively proven to have been roasted alive. This terrible practice is carried on among the Gossip tribe of Fratville and it is thought that strenuous measures will be adopted to suppress the spreading of such a custom.

## FRATS EXPOSED

### Great Scandal in Fratville

### Bribery Exists Among Hith- erto Respected Or- ganizations

Heavily Veiled Woman in Black In-veigles Herself Into the Confidence of Each Frat and Reports the Underhand Methods Employed to Obtain Members

### DISPLAYS GREAT EMOTION

A reporter from the Knocker has just interviewed the strange woman in black, who has caused so much excitement in Fratville. She refused  
(Continued on page 2)



## YOUNG GIRL TORN TO PIECES

[Continued from First Page]

prise greeted her question, and little did she realize the dire calamity she had brought upon her innocent head.

### THE MURDER.

Scarce had the question been asked, before a howling, scornful mob made for the spot where Miss Newlycome had last been seen. In a few moments her character hung from her in shreds; her name trailed after her in the dust. Detectives have been sent out, but up to the time of our going to press, they have discovered that nothing of her has been left.

### LITTLE EXCITEMENT AT FRATVILLE.

There is little excitement in Fratville over the dreadful murder. Such things are of such frequent occurrence that even the horrors of this last crime have occasioned little comment.

### NEWS FROM THE SUBURBS

Clubton.—The latest dispatches from here state that the Masker and Joker tribes are still at war with one another. Overpowering forces have been enlisted on both sides, and the combat promises to gain in interest as time goes on. At present a cessation of cruelties and pillages has been brought about by a dearth of "eligibilities," a plant absolutely essential to the growth and welfare of the tribe.

## THE FRATS EXPOSED

[Continued from First Page]

to state her name and address, but gave the following evidence.

### HER EVIDENCE.

"Before I arrived in Fratville, I was met by several charming young ladies who immediately inquired into my family, social standing, and state of finance. At first I could not imagine why they should take such a friendly interest in my affairs, but alas, the truth was soon to be revealed to me! (Here she lifted the veil over the corner of her eye and wiped a few tears with a daintily embroidered handkerchief.) They visited me furtively, and seemed to become embarrassed when an outsider came into our presence. I received many notes and tokens of affection, and finally the blow was dealt when a small, dark-haired girl came into my room one day and said: 'If I ask you something, you declare on your word of honor that you won't tell a soul? Well, we want you to be a Delta Tau Beta—we are the oldest frat in school.' I do not know what happened then. I must have fainted, but I distinctly remember having uttered the words, 'I will have to write home first'—but after that all was dark.

"Hardly had I recovered from that shock, when a tall girl, with strange, penetrating eyes opened my door, and after looking at me long and earnestly, said: 'Will you be a Gamma Omicron Pi?—we will love you lots.' I felt the room reel around with me, and once more I sank to the floor in a heavy swoon, whispering faintly as I fell, 'I will have to write home first.'"

"At these words the girl left me abruptly, and though outwardly I might not have changed, yet inwardly I will never again be the same.

"The next night I was walking alone on the bridge, pondering my sad fate. (Here she stopped a moment

to gain control of her voice.) And turning over many things in my mind, when suddenly a girl stepped in my way.

"I want to ask you now, before my courage fails me," she said excitedly 'will you be a Kappa Kappa Kappa? We are the very latest thing in school and have just loads of honors.' I gave one shriek, and fled away under cover of the night. Fortunately, I remembered to leave behind me a card on which was written in a clear, legible handwriting the words, 'I will have to write home first.' From that day to this, I have never known whether she found that card.

"The morning after a yet more terrible experience awaited me. Always innocent and unsuspecting from childhood, I little knew the snares that lay about my feet and encompassed me in every direction. Oh, how blindly did I walk into the traps so cunningly laid to catch me. Little did I know that within that room and in the hearts of those sweet, naive children, lurked treachery of the deepest dye. They fed me with the most delicious viands and charmed me with their childish prattle, but the disenchantment came at last. 'Will you be a Kappa Delta?' they said in a moment of sudden silence. 'We have the gayest time of any frat in school, and we never do anything we don't want to.' The chocolate cake that had started to my lips stopped, in the shape of the waning moon, mid-air on its journey. I gazed, horrified, from one to the other and gasped in my terror, 'I will have to write home first.' Since that day I have been a changed woman. (Here she remained silent for several minutes as the pain of recollection throbbed in her heart.)

"After that I returned home and found waiting for me three notes laid conspicuously upon the table. Eagerly I tore them open and read them one by one. My face grew paler and paler and my knees trembled so that I could scarcely stand, for there these words confronted me: 'Will you be a Lambda Rho?—we have never received a single

turn-down in the history of our career.' The next read as follows: 'Will you be a Sigma Sigma Sigma?—we thought you might feel neglected if you were not asked,' and the last 'Please be a Chi Sigma—you will just love, Bobby and Dolly and have lots of places to visit in Texas. Eudora.' Scarcely knowing what I did, I wrote the words, 'I will have to write home first,' mechanically and then—some one knocked on the door.

"Could I believe my ears when I heard a voice saying: 'Won't you be a Phi Mu?—Everybody is.' Alas, the cruelty of fate that led me into such paths! I groaned heavily and leaned my aching head upon my arms. 'Can't you give us your answer now. Because we never ask a girl but fifteen times after she once refuses,' the voice began again. Endure such torture? No, a thousand times no! I looked her full in the eye. Courage was rising within me at every heart beat, defiantly, fearlessly I shouted, 'I will have to write home first.'

"And now you have heard my story. Do you wonder that I have shaken the dust of Fratville from my feet? Go, infamous reporter, and live if you can amid such disgrace and such hypocrisy—but as for me—excuse me!"

### IN MEMORIAM.

To Rebekah Delmar Phillips,

MARRIED

March 3, 1908.

*Our Becky is no more*

*Since Hymen showed his face*

*And now our tears do pour,*

*For none can take her place.*

### FUNERAL NOTICE.

The friends and acquaintances of Lillian Weaver are asked to attend her funeral which will take place on the morning after her initiation into the Kappa Delta fraternity.

HAZEL A. SHANKLIN, Pastor.

Please send flowers and candy.

## WANTS—Miscellaneous

WANTED.—Everybody.

PHI MU FRATERNITY.

WANTED.—To know if K. K. K. is a branch chapter of the well-known Ku Klux Klan.

WANTED.—A residence within Fratville, furnished with some honors and distinctions. Address, Miss S. S. SIGMA, Care this office.

LOST.—Somewhere between 1898 and 1908 St., a medal with the following inscription:

### "FIRST PRIZE.

Given for dignified conduct and diligent application to study." Please return at once as it is very much needed by the owner.

PHI MU GAMMA Chapter House  
Fratville.

STRAYED.—If the auburn haired girl from China who was seen carrying off a member with dark hair and eyes and labelled, "Margaret." If the same will be returned, no further mention will be made of the matter.

THE KAPPA DELTA SISTERHOOD,  
Fratville.

### LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—

Two tall, slender members answering to the name of "Chi Sigma." Last seen in Euzelian Literary Society Halls. If any explanation for this unusual departure from precedent can be offered, or if they are returned within the next year, a reward will be given by The Chi, Euepian, Sigma Co., care KNOCKER office.

### LODGING ROOMS TO LET.

Tenement to let—10 or 12 rooms vacated through removal of occupants. Large, sunny, clean, homelike, central. Steam heat, electric and candle-light. Exclusive location.

Apply, F O H & Company, East End.

TO LET.—At moderate terms, a spacious hall, suitable for entertainments on a large scale. Furnished throughout with palms, potted flowers, and wall-paper. Central location. Garage and comfortable stable for conveyances of guests. Apply Beck, Studio & Co., West End.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* READ THE KNOCKER!!! \*

\* And Learn the Latest News of \*

\* Fratville. \*

\* BE UP TO DATE!!! \*

\* See Yourselves as Others See You. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## FREE!!!

*Will you go to Washington or take a trip down Tinker Creek?*

## The Knocker Competition

OPEN TO RESIDENTS OF FRATVILLE!

Vote for the Frat That You Consider Stands Best.

Do not allow any personal feelings to influence your choice, but vote from an entirely unbiased standpoint.

### NOTICE!!!

to the frat receiving the greatest number of votes, the KNOCKER will give either a trip to Washington in the Spring, or a ten days' voyage on Tinker Creek in the magnificent new house-boat liner, "Scandalia." All expenses paid FREE OF CHARGE and a suitable chaperone furnished.

### Details of Competition

1. Votes must be cast before the fifth of March.
2. Each vote must be duly signed.
3. Ballots shall take the following form:

*I hereby cast my vote for the Lambda Rho Fraternity, claiming that it takes the best stand of any other fraternity in Fratville.*  
[SIGNED.] NAUGHTY-NAUGHT.



# THE KNOCKER

IS PUBLISHED ANNUALLY

Will be sent to any address in Fratville. Address care "Knocker" Fratville.

We wish to give a few hints in passing for the benefit of those who hope to make their home in Fratville in future years. Our community holds out many attractions to the prospective resident. In the first place Fratville has the charm of ease and repose that comes from a life of social joys and exemption from the hardships of study. In a round of receptions, banquets, cotillions and theater parties, are we whirled from week to week. The time slips by in hours devoted to flattery and enticing ourselves into the good graces of one another. There are other recreations at Fratville, too. It is here that the famous roads to Clubton have their beginning. Some of these roads are very pleasant for walking. They are wide, pleasant, and easy of access. Others are narrow and stony, and blocked here and there with huge boulders, known to the inhabitants as "black balls." It is almost impossible to climb over these great rocks and they have proved a serious stumbling-block to many an aspirant to the higher social circles of Fratville.

There is one evil in the civic government, however, which public-spirited citizens should use their influence to suppress—that is the high rate of taxation which is yearly becoming more and more oppressive to the residents of Fratville. But we must establish our city on a firm social basis, and after all, that is the main thing. We should advise all who are able, or who are sufficiently urged, to join our community and lend their aid to its prosperity and advancement.

"Let the greatest part of the news thou hearest be the least part of what thou believest, lest the greater part of what thou believest be the least part of what is true."

There does not seem to be much doubt as to the coming election for Editor-in-chief of the Spinster for 1909. We are rather disappointed that the campaign is to be so easily settled, for the KNOCKER has ever had a deep interest in the excitement of uncertain political fights.

FROM THE HOME TIMES.

*Dearest Daughter:*—I don't know what you mean by *sorority*. Your mother and I have looked the word up in the dictionary, but we were unable to find it. However, we should advise you to keep out of all such affairs, and devote your time to study, so that we will be proud of you and feel that you appreciate all we have done for you. Enclosed you will find the check you asked for. It seems that you ask for a great deal of money. I can't imagine what you do with so much. Be careful how you spend it, and don't waste it on trifles, for times are hard this year. In haste,  
YOUR FATHER.

FROM THE GIRL FRIEND'S OPINION.

*Dearest Love:*—It must be perfectly grand to belong to the best sorority in school! How you must love all of "your sisters," knowing that they are the most popular and the prettiest girls in Fratville. I would give anything if mama would let me come up next year, and if she does I will surely do as you ask me and not join any other sorority but yours. I know the banquet will be a success, for I never heard of a more elaborate menu or of more gorgeous decorations. I would love to be with you when it is given, but I'm afraid it would be too fine for me who have not had the experience of Fratville life. You girls seem to have so much fun. I wonder when you ever have time to study. The new dress your mother is making is beautiful. I saw it the other day, but I'm afraid you won't have much use for it when you come home. I must close now. Write to me when you can find time and don't let your new "sisters" take all the love from  
Your true friend,  
MARY.

FROM THE BROTHERLY REVIEW.

*Dearest Old Pal:*—Center rushes aren't in it when it comes to going to a girl's school. Gee whiz, man, why didn't you warn me in time? That's once you failed in your duty towards a friend. I'll tell you all about it. Sis belongs to some kind of a she-frat combination down there at Hollins—a whole gang of girls "bound together by sisterly ties," and all that rot. When I arrived on the scene, all the ties became loosened I guess, because each one separately and by herself took it upon her to perform her sisterly duty to entertain me with Hollins anecdotes, scandals, attractions and the charms of my beloved Sis until my brain reeled, and my smile grew intensely mechanical. They had me fixed up like a junk shop, too, by the time I got through, for each one insisted on rigging me up in her frat duds.

But the worst of all was when Sis and I were by ourselves in the parlor, and had just begun to talk about that Queen down home you have heard me mention once or twice, I'd hear somebody giggling outside the door. Then all of a sudden here they'd all come scrambling in through the windows running in and out the sitting room and shouting and falling, and laughing, and saying over and over again until I knew I'd never forget, much less forgive (her for not coming), "Oh! I'm scared to death, Miss Parkinson is coming," and if they didn't keep that up the whole time I was there, I'll eat my best new hat.

I tried to seek refuge in the reading room, thinking they'd keep shy of it like we fellows used to do up at college—but no such good luck! I never saw a more intellectual bunch, and I never saw people read over the tops of books before I went down there—I guess the frats introduced that style too. Say, Pal, you'd better come along with me if I go again. In the meantime, I'll try to recuperate.  
Yours,  
JOHN.

Subscribe for the Annual Knocker.

## Literary Department

Address all communications care "Literary"—THE KNOCKER.

### Vengeance is Mine

A Story Without Much of a Plot.  
Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Miss Lambda Rho, who has recently had a quarrel with Mr. Gamma Opi is trying to find a means of revenge upon her recent lover. Finding that his jealousy can not be aroused by confining her attentions to other admirers, she resorts to a practice known as "black balling." Armed with these weapons she defeats his efforts at every step. Mr. Gamma Opi in return pursues his own methods of retaliation. And many are the exciting escapades they encounter.

Among the on-looks at this game were Mon. Kkk, a timid gentleman, whose anxious expression and differential manner betrayed his nervousness at finding himself a familiar of those he had long secretly admired, and whose company he had hitherto vainly sought. Also Mlle. Fimu, who has just been released from the "Institution for Obscuracy," and has developed a mania for grasping everything within sight, and hoarding it away in her treasure house in the West End. These personages do not take an active part in the events related but lend their services first to one side and then to the other. Back numbers may be purchased upon receipt of price of KNOCKER.

"No indeed, I have had enough of his attentions," indignantly exclaimed Miss Lambda Rho, rising from her seat, and going over to a table at the other end of the room. I followed her with my eyes, and saw that she picked up a small volume entitled "First Families of Virginia," and then I resigned myself with a sigh for I knew that further conversation was at an end for the present. I wondered why she should have troubled herself to read the book, for surely she knew its contents from cover to cover, but perhaps she was preparing for the future. One can never be too careful about these things.

Presently I was aroused by a pat-

ter of footsteps outside the door, and a sweet, daintily-dressed child came running into the room. "Good morning," she said to me. "I am little Katie Dell, and I am most five years. Can't you do this sum for me? I have been working for two solid minutes but I just can't make four go into 800 to save my life." And she caught sight of Miss Lamb Darho on the other side of the room.

"Say," she said excitedly to me, "did you know that she had a big case on Phimu Gamma?"

Miss Rho evidently heard the remark for she threw down her book which was opened at T, and said immediately:

"It's no such thing! You know that is all a thing of the past. Why, we scarcely speak when we meet now."

Who could it be then, I wondered? Just then the bell rang and in walked a straight, clean-looking individual, who hurried at once to meet Miss Rho. She blushed profusely. Then I did not have far to guess who Phimu Gamma's successor might be. But who was this stranger—his face was surely familiar. Could it be Duc Delta de Tau 'Beta'? Yes, that was who it was!

A quiet looking woman whom I had not seen before, came forward at this juncture, and Miss Lamb Darho introduced her as Chisigma.

"Who is she?" I asked Miss Darho in a side whisper.

"I don't know her very well. I think she was originally from Texas, but now she makes her home somewhere in the South. She is very retired and is just beginning to take an interest in outside affairs. She lost her voice last year over in Arkansas."

"I don't suppose I will have a chance to hear of your latest encounter this afternoon since the arrival of your guest, so I had better be going. But I will call again soon. Good day."

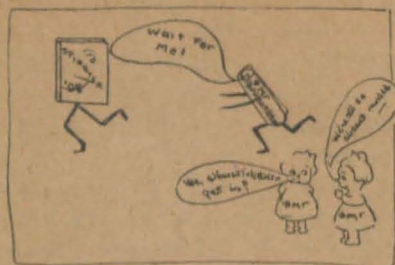
As I went out I picked up a brooch that some one had evidently let fall. It did not seem to be of much value and all of the stones were missing, except one. This stone sparkled brilliantly and arrested my attention. On the back of the brooch was engraved these peculiar symbols—Σ Σ Σ. I put it in my pocket, thinking it might lead to further clue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We give special attention to the efforts of young poets in this Department. In every issue of the KNOCKER we publish at least one poem selected from the many that are offered to us. The following was chosen for publication in this number on account of its poetic value, and its truth to human nature:

*One't they was a little girl who  
hadn't joined a frat,  
But soon the Phi Mu's came along,  
and took her where she sat.  
And the girls, they heerd her holler,  
an' the teachers heerd her bowl,  
An' when they came to help her out,  
she wasn't there at all.  
And they seeked her at the Sulphur  
Spring, the dining-room and gym  
And seeked her in the practice-rooms,  
an' ever'wheres she'd been.  
But all they ever found was thist  
some hairpins round about,  
And the Phi Mus 'll get you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!*





## EDUCATIONAL

### NOTICE!!!

### Cultivate the Voice

Acquire the soft Southern accent. One can at least obtain an attractive speech to contribute to the charms of one's frat. Our Institution has had more than half a year's experience. Address,

CHI SIGMA ACADEMY OF  
VOICE TRAINING.

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\* FREE!! FREE!! FREE!! \*  
\* LEARN \*  
\* DARLINGISM \*  
\* AT HOME \*  
\* By a Special Patented Method. \*  
\* We number among our Alumni \*  
\* well-known names of Fratville, \*  
\* they are our greatest testi- \*  
\* monials! \*  
\* Write today for our \*  
\* BOOKLET GIVING FULL \*  
\* INFORMATION. \*  
\* MURPHY SCHOOL OF DARLINGISM. \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## OPEN SECRETS

A new book for frats. Try our latest text-book and learn how to make your frat a success. Among the subjects treated in this edition are:

CHAP. I.

WHO WE ARE RUSHING.  
AND  
WHO WE ARE NOT RUSHING.

CHAP. II.

HINTS ON PLEDGING.

CHAP. III.

THE BEST TIME FOR  
INITIATIONS.

CHAP. IV.

OUR CONSTITUTION. BY  
WHOM COMPILED. ITS  
CONTENTS, ITS VIR-  
TUES, ITS FAULTS.

CHAP. V.

ON FEES.

CHAP. VI.

SECRET MEETINGS, WHERE,  
WHEN, AND HOW HELD.

Write today for a copy.  
KAPPA DELTA PUBLISHING CO.,  
Fratville.

## The Home Department

(CONDUCTED BY MISS KNOWALL.)

*A Department of General Informa-  
tion, Questions of Social  
Etiquette, Etc.*

Please enclose stamp if answers by  
mail are preferred.

M. W.—Indeed, I feel sorry for you and your friends. To be so far removed from one's home and family is a hard trial. Perhaps you can persuade some one to exchange rooms with you, for there is always an applicant for third floor, main apartments. I take a deep interest in your welfare, and hope for all possible success.

"CRUMP."—The question you have proffered me has interested me a great deal. It does seem a difficult matter to find congenial employment for minds of such varying tastes and maturity of development. The only suggestion I can offer you is the new game called, "Going to the Store," where each player has his turn, or the whole assembly may be divided off into partners. This game is agreeable for young and old, frivolous and intellectual alike. I don't know of any other possible means of combining interests so strikingly diversified.

K. DELTA.—I should advise you to employ the counsel and influence of some one of strong will and judgment for the guidance of the intractable infant of whom you speak. Choose preferably a nature to whom the child would be drawn, for more can be accomplished through affection and gentle but firm persuasion, than by mere ranting and physical force.

D. T. BETA.—I think that you are doing very wisely to allow others to discover the attractions and yourself to appropriate them. If not original or venturesome, it is certainly less precarious than rushing into a matter blindly. Perhaps this policy will not always result in the mortification of your opponents, so I should go about the matter rather carefully and tactfully, and not allow success to make you heedless.

C. E. F.—I sympathize sincerely with you in the unhappy position you occupy at present. It is indeed hard not to have one's excellent qualities appreciated by the Kalm, Kold Krowd. However, I am sure that if you persist in your career of noble self-sacrifice, you will in time be better understood.

### FOR CHILDREN.

Sadie Simple sang a song of Silly Sigmas. If Sadie Simple sang a song of Silly Sigmas, where is the song of Silly Sigmas that Sadie Simple sang?

"SAN ANTONIO."—We have looked up the matter which you have inquired after, and found that Fratville still contains the organizations of which you write. They continue to exist under the name "Chi Sigma," and exert a powerful influence in the famous Texas Club and the Euepian Society. I think that as time goes on

they may extend their power in even the "Yemassee Rooter Association." I find that their names occur frequently as members of the "Student Body," the "Y. W. C. A.," and even the "Athletic Association." I don't think you need have any cause for discouragement in the work you have begun so nobly.

LAMBDA RHO.—How would it suit you to place your collection of skulls and cross-bones in the Cocke Memorial Building. A hall might be hired for the purpose, and when the accommodations will have become too limited, you might transfer part of the collection to the National Museum in Washington. I am sure that any Institute will be glad to receive your unique relics; the only trouble would seem to be in finding sufficient space for such a vast collection.

GAMMA O. P.—I would not consider for a moment the idea of turning the fraternity into a conservatory. Of course the people of Fratville will look upon you with envious eyes as they see you come down to the dining room each day so beautifully bedecked in freshly cut flowers, but in the end it will pay neither morally nor financially. Instead, I would devote my time to the cultivation of the minds and souls of the young plants you have among you. They are delicate blossoms and need careful nurture and training.

### The Prize Question Competition

In this department there are a number of questions that have been asked us on an average of at least once a day. Our staff has so far been completely baffled in any attempt to give a satisfactory reply. Will the readers

of the KNOCKER come to our aid? We will offer a handsome PRIZE to whoever by June 5th shall send in the most correct set of answers to the following questions. Address, PRIZE QUESTIONS, THE KNOCKER, Fratville.

WILL—?

The Phi Mus initiate Saturday night?

The Lambda Rho sorority fraternize with the P. Ph. Club?

Leta Camp be at the head of Phi Mu Gamma next year?

The Sigma Sigma Sigmas build their new chapter house at Sulphur Springs or on Tinker?

The Kappa Deltas stand highest of all the frats in the estimation of the faculty?

The next President of the United States be a G. O. P.?

The Delta Tau Betas be sorry that they took in Mary Miles?

The Chi Sigmas place branch chapters at Yale and Vassar?

Miss Matty be an honorary Kappa Kappa Kappa?

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o  
o —Patronize the— o  
o SPLENDID HOTEL PHIMU o  
o occupying the entire length of o  
o 2d St., West. Rooms overlooking o  
o the mountains on one side and o  
o the shores of Tinker Creek on o  
o the other. o  
o TERMS MODERATE. o  
o Accommodations for Unlimited o  
o Number of Guests. A private o  
o apartment marked "Don't Dis- o  
o turb" is provided for those suf- o  
o fering from ennui or overwork. o  
o o o o o o o o o o o o o



## DRESS and FASHIONS

Society Clothiers

Our store is patronized by the leading society people of Fratville. Come in and inspect our Goods.

Costumes suitable for  
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CHURCH RE-  
CEPTIONS,  
SOIREES,  
PROMENADES,  
AND THE  
THEATER.

Follow the Crowd  
TO

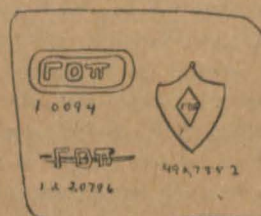
Butts and  
Mitchell  
Sisters'  
Vast Auditorium

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10094—A belt pin or brooch. No other like it seen in Fratville.

1220796—A Gamma Omicron Pi pin for safety or decoration.

4907852—This is our PRIZE offer. To persons submitting most appropriate name for this article.

Send for particulars giving full details.

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Design Co.

Fratville

Mde. Marieye A'ger

Modiste and  
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*Latest Paris Fashions*

My Models seen at  
all smart functions  
Prices ranging from  
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flattery upward

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IMPROVIDENT

Society  
Belles





## Sororities

In the Order of Establishment as Sororities at Hollins

Tau Delta Beta

Phi Mu Gamma

Kappa Delta

Gamma Omicron Pi

Sigma Sigma Sigma

Phi Mu

Naughty Naught (*NP*)

Chi Sigma

Kappa Kappa Kappa



Tau Delta Beta & Low Co.  
Boston, Mass.



## DELTA TAU BETA

FOUNDED 1890

CHARTERED 1907

---

### SORORES

ISABELLE COBBS

KITTY DE JARNETTE HOGE

FRANCES TERRELL LONGAN

MARY REBECCA MILES

KATHRYN MOCKBEE

ELLEN LINN MOLTON

CORNELIA HERBERT ORRICK

MARY AFTON WILLIAMS

MARY WAUGH WILSON





COBLES



ORRICK



HOGES



WILLIAMS



LONGAN



MILES



MOLTEN



MOCKBEE

Δ  
T  
B

DELTA TAU BETA





# Phi Mu Gamma

Organized 1898. Chartered 1900

## CHAPTERS

ALPHA .....	Hollins, Virginia
DELTA .....	New York, New York
GAMMA .....	Gainesville, Georgia
THETA EPSILON .....	Marion, Alabama
ZETA .....	New York, New York
ETA .....	Boston, Massachusetts
MU .....	Boston, Massachusetts

## SORORES

GRACE BRYAN .....	Lincoln, Nebraska
LETA CAMP .....	Ocala, Florida
MAYSIE LYLES .....	Columbia, South Carolina
BESSIE KINCAID .....	Philippine Islands
ELIZABETH ARMISTEAD .....	Churchland, Virginia
LORA CRUMP .....	Richmond, Virginia
PHOEBE HUNTER .....	Mont Clare, Pennsylvania
LUCY WILTSHIRE .....	Baltimore, Maryland
PAULINE LAWTON .....	Hartsville, South Carolina
PAMELA MOORE .....	Columbia, South Carolina



LYLES



KINCAID



CAMP



BRYAN



HUNTER



LAWTON



CRUMP



ARMISTEAD



WILTSHIRE



MOORE

PHI MU GAMMA





# Kappa Delta

Organized 1895. Chartered 1902

---

ALPHA CHAPTER.....	Farmville, Virginia
GAMMA CHAPTER.....	Hollins, Virginia
THETA CHAPTER.....	Lynchburg, Virginia
SIGMA CHAPTER.....	Washington, D. C.
PHI DELTA CHAPTER.....	St. Mary's School
PHI PSI CHAPTER.....	Washington, D. C.
ZETA CHAPTER.....	Tuscaloosa, Alabama
KAPPA ALPHA CHAPTER..	Tallahassee, Florida
PHI OMEGA PHI CHAPTER..	Marion, Alabama
DELTA CHAPTER.....	Columbia, South Carolina

## Sorores

### GAMMA CHAPTER

HAZEL A. SHANKLIN.....	West Virginia
LILLIAN R. WEAVER.....	North Carolina
REBECCA S. PORTER.....	Tennessee
ANNE H. ESTES.....	Tennessee
MAMIE P. SINGLETON.....	Alabama
WILELLA E. RAINER.....	Alabama
NANNIE D. ROPER.....	Virginia
MABEL R. WOOLFORD.....	Maryland
MARGARET SMITH.....	North Carolina





SHANKLIN



SMITH



RAINER



ROPER



WOOLFORD



ESTES



SINGLETON



PORTER



WEAVER









MOUNTCASTLE

PHILLIPS

MURPHY

TILLMAN

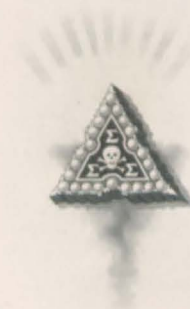
DOWNES

McCLAIN

TILLMAN

FOSTER

CARPENTER





# Sigma Sigma Sigma

Established 1897. Chartered 1903

---

Alpha Chapter	Farmville, Virginia
Beta Chapter	Lewisburg, West Virginia
Gamma Chapter	Lynchburg, Virginia
Delta Chapter	Nashville, Tennessee
Epsilon Chapter	Hollins, Virginia
Alpha Delta Chapter	Georgetown, Texas
Hampton Alumnæ Chapter	Hampton, Virginia
Lewisburg Alumnæ Chapter	Lewisburg, West Virginia

## SORORES

### Epsilon Chapter

Mozelle Alderman	South Carolina
Bertha Bolton	Louisiana
Marguerite Geer	South Carolina
Juanita Johnston	Oklahoma
Leonie Medlenka	Louisiana
Vernice Rogers	Kentucky
Nan Sudduth	West Virginia

### HONORARY MEMBER

Dr. Kusian



JOHNSON



ALDERMAN



SUDDUTH



BOLTON



MEDLENKA



ROGERS



GEER





# Phi Mu

ORGANIZED 1852—CHARTERED 1903

Alpha Chapter .....	Macon, Georgia
Beta Chapter .....	Hollins, Virginia
Gamma Chapter .....	Winston-Salem, N. C.
Delta Chapter .....	New Orleans, La. (Tulane University)
Epsilon Chapter .....	Raleigh, N. C.
Zeta Chapter .....	Washington, D. C.
Eta Chapter .....	Mexico, Missouri
Theta Chapter .....	Nashville, Tenn.

## SORORES

### Beta Chapter

Marian Wilkinson .....	Georgia
Myrtle Elizabeth True .....	Tennessee
Carolyn Willingham .....	Georgia
Hallie Edmiston Moore .....	New York
Kathlene Land Mathews .....	Virginia
Rubie Rae Smith .....	Virginia
Elizabeth Willingham .....	Georgia
Cary Johnson .....	Alabama
Elenor Meeks .....	Tennessee
Virginia Gilchrist .....	Virginia
Maria Garth .....	Alabama
Harriett Bryan .....	Texas
Mary Massie .....	Virginia
Mary Cabell Wooding .....	Virginia
Sarah Wilhite .....	North Carolina

## HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Mary Williamson

Miss Estelle Hutchinson





MATHEWS



WILKINSON



WOODING



GARTH



C. WILLINGHAM



SMITH



MOURE



MASSIE

# Phi Mu



GILCHRIST



BRYAN



JOHNSON



TRUE



WILHITE



E. WILLINGHAM



MEEKS





# Naughty Naught

Established 1900

---

JEANIE HARWOOD COCKE..... Virginia

ELIZABETH OTELIA HOLLAND..... Virginia

GERTRUDE WHITTAKER OBERHOLTZER

Pennsylvania

MARY SULLY HAYWARD..... Louisiana

GLADYS ADAIR CRANE..... Arkansas

LUCY TEMPLE WITT..... Virginia

THERESE BRENT NURNEY..... Virginia

MARGARET ELLEN CHEWNING..... Virginia

ROSE PLEASANTS HAYWARD..... Louisiana

HELEN CAMP STEINER

Alabama



CRANE



CHEWNING



S. HAYWARD



HOLLAND



OBERHALTZER



NURNEY



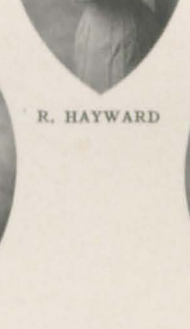
R. HAYWARD



WITT



STEINER



NAUGHTY NAUGHT



COCKE





*Donato Palla*

# **CHI SIGMA**

ESTABLISHED 1902

## **SORORES**

CLARE SHIRLEY DENMAN

JOSEPHINE KINCAID

ETTIE KINCAID

MARIE MIKELL LEBBY

MARGARET LEWIS

GLADYS NEALE

EUDORA WOOLFOLK RAMSAY

FLORINE SELIGMANN

MARGARET VAN DIVIERE

MARY ELIZABETH WILSON















## Through Faith

THE southern peaks of the Himalayas were still sleeping in the blue distance, when the head of the House of Kayah rose from his Eastern couch to finish his task ere the day should dawn. The mansion was slightly astir with the soft and early footsteps of slaves as they hurried through their morning preparations for the day.

The old man stepped into an antechamber and returned to the image of wood, upon which he had been putting his finishing touches. He viewed his masterpiece with a grave smile of satisfaction—this carver of wood, this hewer of stone; and he thought with pride of his heritage in his ancestors, who for generations before him had held in their hands the mystery of priesthood. This monopoly was an occupation which was the very foundation of painting and sculpture. Men must see what they worshiped, and they demanded such creative fancy as was fitted to inspire the fervor of a fanatic people.

Even now, in the black of the day, Kayah's face wore an expression of great pride and passionate longing, curiously intermingled with sorrow and disappointment. He was a tall man, and as lean as a lost ideal. His countenance, however, was lacking in religious enthusiasm, and the curl of his lip, as he stood there alone, disdaining and admiring his handiwork, seemed ready to utter the words, "Thou art a God for the people, but not for me!" With a sigh of relief and in a spirit of weariness over the ignorance of the populace, Kayah threw down his tools. The God of Fortune was finished.

The fourteenth day of the month of worship was dawning. On the morrow came the day of all the year which was dedicated to the God Murki. It was at that time that the people believed that the God of Fortune would descend from his heavenly abode during the night and appear before them the next morning in a new body, resting tranquilly on his high throne in the temple court.

Kayah lingered a moment before his idol. A sandaled footstep sounded in the corridor. The curtains that hung over the portals were pushed back,



and the long-expected and favorite son of the House of Kayah fell on his knees before his parent.

"My son."

"My father."

And they clasped and kissed.

Ten years ago, the boy Aleof, disgusted by the mockeries of his father's calling, and honest in his desire to flee from it, had besought his father for his portion of the inheritance. He had changed it into flocks and slaves and lands, and then gone to the desert. There, protected by the courage he had taught his followers, his wealth increased, until, a prince by fortune, by intellect, and by birth he, still a young man, had won the name of "Father."

In the meeting of the priest and son, the boy, though covered with the dust of travel, lost none of his dignity and youth. Even in the dark of the dawn, he was seen to be an athlete and a man of beauty. His eyes were deep set and thoughtful—filled with an ever-vanishing mystical presence. None could doubt the honesty of his square jaw or the firmness of character that lingered around his mouth.

The old man felt the power of this presence, and, gazing into the fathomless eyes of the youth, remembered the day when he had said:

"My son, it is my will that thou serve the God Murki."

And there came back to him the answer, when his son had faced him searchingly, yet with all due Oriental reverence.

"Wilt thou, too, lead me into an unhappy life?" and Kayah, being a wise man, had let his son go.

The old man now turned to the completed idol and looked at it significantly. Kayah was a little proud of his art. He knew his power, and knew, too, that his gods commanded fabulous prices. Yet he had not the moral courage of his son, who saw in the mockeries only a vain thing.

The boy glanced up in response to his father's look.

"Ah, a new piece, and a terrible one. It appears tomorrow, I suppose, when all the people will worship." He shivered at its hideousness. "But tell me of my brethren, and, too, of Amahlia, my playmate."

"Your brethren are all well, and Amahlia is doubtless even now awaiting you in the temple garden. She has been appointed High Priestess to the new god."

But the young man did not hear these last words. He was dreaming of those days when he had chased an elf-like child in and out the temple court,

and of how she would sometimes let herself be caught and sometimes not. He turned to go, and passing out through well-known corridors, paused at the lily pond, still musing over the strangely familiar objects that surrounded him.

No sound disturbed the early stillness of the sun-splashed garden. This morning of dedication had opened as softly as the leaves of a sensitive plant. And Aleof was remembering a wild pretty thing, who once in a while looked at him as if longing to be tamed. The cool fragrance of the earth leaped to meet him. He loved this garden with its associations almost as much as he loved his father. His senses, refined by the renunciation of the desert, by the mystic thoughts that are inspired through solitude, responded always to perfumes and natural shades.

"Surely," he murmured, "Murki is not here!"

"Ha! ha! and what do you mean?"

The silver voice shot through his being. He recognized instantly the musical laugh, and the tones of the semi-sarcasm that used to nettle or amuse him.

"Amahlia!" he cried, "Where art thou, child?"

"Child!" she answered reproachfully, at the same time stepping out into the filtered sunshine. Aleof drew back with a start, as he faced the most beautiful woman in East India.

"Amahlia," he stammered, "and can it be thou?"

The girl laughed again merrily. She tossed her head, and drew herself up superbly.

"Tell me, oh, most ancient patriarch, am I a child?"

Her ruddy lips were parted in an irresistible smile. Her black hair formed a frame for her delicate face and her blue eyes bubbled like springs. Thus, after years of separation, Amahlia faced the friend of her childhood with all the stateliness of a queen.

While Aleof was gazing helplessly at her, she, too, looked at him. She noted his tall stature, the comeliness of his features, the fire of command that quivered in his nostrils and shone in his eyes. Above all was she conscious of a spirituality that was foreign to her own nature, and all these things found renewed favor in the eyes of the maiden.

"There is none like him in all the country," she thought, "but he shall never know it from me." Then she said aloud:

"Salute me, friend. Am I not a Priestess in the house of Kayah? Why



dost thou not do me reverence?" She moved a step, casting from her face all girlishness and assuming such an attitude of pious dignity, that Aleof unconsciously lifted his right hand in worship.

"Art thou Goddess, Amahlia, or woman?"

She looked at him softly. A longing for the old friendship swept over her, the pleasure of which she had only a few hours to enjoy.

"Today, O Aleof, I am a woman—tomorrow, a Goddess if thou wilt. But come, let us feed the birds. I fear they will starve when I leave," she added sadly.

Amahlia turned toward the direction she had indicated, and Aleof watched her, the matchless grace of her motions contrasted strikingly in his mind, with the ferocious leer of the god Murki. His father was proud of it. The more horrible the god, the greater the art, but Aleof's heart turned, in the loneliness of the desert, to gentle thoughts, shrank from the hideousness of it.

"Shall symmetry serve the misshapen? Shall beauty be priestess to a monster? Shall a white soul redden before nameless mysteries? Shall Amahlia be bond slave to Murki?" Aleof's fists tightened. He seethed to fight. But with whom? Murki? The king? The city? The nation? And for whom? Amahlia? And why?

"Thou lookest at me strangely," she said, turning suddenly toward him. "Because thou wilt be priestess," Aleof answered simply.

But Amahlia saw his eyes betray the new feeling, and her levity fled before her own emotions, which she could not understand. True she had prayed for him every day at her altar that the gods might spare him from feverish winds and malignant fortune, and she had secretly gloried in his wealth and influence. But why did his words give her such dangerous pleasure? Amahlia's heart suffocated her.

"The god doth claim me," she answered coldly. "So saith the High Priest and my father. And my father's will is law!"

"His will is an abomination! Murki shall not have thee," he muttered slowly. "Murki is a block of wood and I will smite him!"

She put out her hand to cover his mouth, then drew back and shivered. She knew only too well the consequences if this utterance of heresy had been overheard. Aleof stepped nearer to her.

"Amahlia, I have need of thee," he said in a low, penetrating voice.

Then, forgetful of herself, she threw back her head, and lifted her hands.

"O Ishtar!" she exclaimed, "thou Goddess of Love!"

Then she stopped.

"Murki is a mighty and jealous god, and calleth me."

"Murki," he blazed, "shall have no part in thee, Amahlia, for my love hath seized thee to be my wife."

He said this solemnly, like an oath, pointing toward the heavens as witness. Amahlia held him with her eyes, straightened herself with pretty hauteur, then mastered by his love, relaxed and melted into his arms. Then did the two understand the ancient proverb that "A minute in the tent of the beloved is equal to an eternity within the gate of the king." Gently Aleof raised her face to his.

"Amahlia," he said, "dost thou love me?"

She answered steadily:

"Thou knowest, my lord. But how? For I put mine eyes in bond, and my lips were sealed that no love might escape them."

She straightened herself.

"Why didst thou not come sooner, Aleof? For my freedom takes its wings in the morning, and my body is Murki's."

Aleof drew a long breath.

"My beloved, now will I tell you the hidden thing of my life. A new God hath commanded me in my dreams!" He stopped, for his voice choked him. Amahlia stared at her lover.

"A new God!" she repeated.

"There can be—there are no other gods beside Him," Aleof continued hoarsely. "His face is as blinding as the sun; His voice as soft as a whisper. He is a spirit."

"What is his name?" she asked in an awed tone. "Art thou his priest?"

"His name He hath not yet revealed to me, but this I know—He is the Everlasting, and I worship no other gods but Him!"

And then turning suddenly to Amahlia, he caught her hand, and demanded imperiously:

"If I smite the god, Murki, wilt thou be my wife?"

She looked up at him.

"If thy God is greater than my god, and thou win me from the high altar of Murki, thy will shall be my will, and thy handmaid will follow as thou leadest."

A shrill voice from the other end of the garden interrupted their whisper.



"Then be thou ready and fear not," he said.

They clasped, they kissed, they parted. As they entered their separate portals, their eyes embraced, and Amahlia, borne in her great love along the torrent of Aleof's conviction, threw herself on her knees within her inner sanctuary and cried,

"O thou new God, if it be in thy power, make me his wife!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The black heavens seethed in anger, and out of her hollow throat she muttered her dire threatenings over the earth. Ever and anon the lightning flared as if a giant match had been struck, and then suddenly blown out by the great breaths of wind. The storm grew louder and apace, and Amahlia tossed and torn in spirit, rose from her couch and went to the window. All night had she lain awake praying—praying unconscious prayers to the unknown God.

She flung open the casement, and her breath came faster as she faced the storm. She felt the raging elements, but they were for her the tumult of her own emotions. The lightning flared and vanished. But in the brief moment, Amahlia had caught sight of her lover. He stood with his back toward the pinnacled god, his head bowed in prayer.

Amahlia caught her hands to her breast, her whole tense attitude a prayer.

"Our Father!" she gasped.

The heavens shrieked out. The earth burned white. A moment's silence. Then a great rattling cracked the thick air. Even in the darkness Amahlia heard the splinters hiss in the wind. The God of Fortune had been struck. Murki had been overthrown by the King of the Heavens.

And Amahlia breathed the words, "I am ready."

F. C. BRYAN.

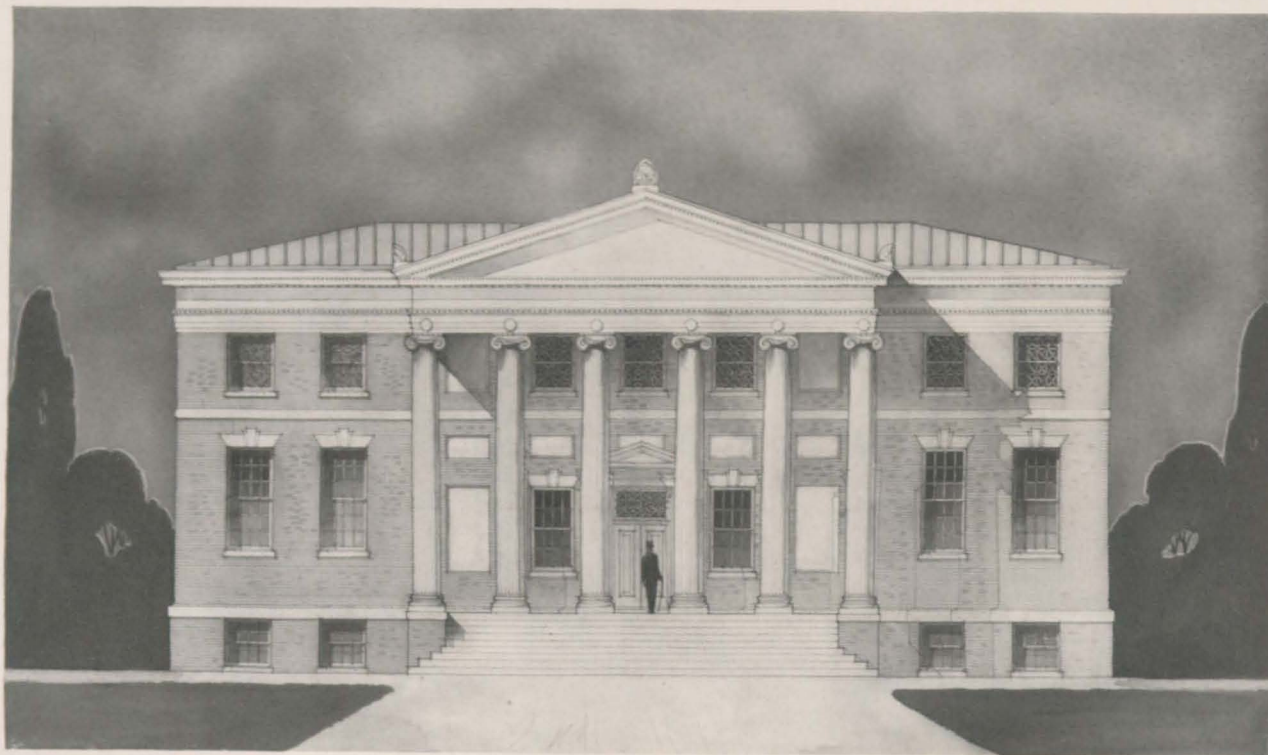


## SUNRISE

A mist hangs over the river,  
A mist from the dim gray skies;  
But now the sunbeams quiver  
And the gray before them flies.

The river gleams in the sunlight,  
Fresh as the newborn day,  
The birds rejoice that the starry night  
Is past and far away.

Life is awakening from shadow,  
Song is arising from all,  
Joy, without thought of the morrow,  
Love, at the sound of God's call.



COCKE MEMORIAL LIBRARY





## A Library Memorial to Charles L. Cocke

IN our generation the first thought to arise after a man prominent in public life has passed away, is to make some memorial to him which shall express in some measure the appreciation his work has received and which shall perpetuate his name and ideals. Thus it was that in the very month that Charles L. Cocke, founder and first president of Hollins, died, the alumnae of Hollins conceived the plan of a memorial to him which should not only be an offering of admiring love, but be so fitly joined to his life work as to become a part of the equipment through which that work should grow from strength to strength. This plan embraced the erection of a library building to be known as the Charles L. Cocke Memorial Library. And this year, the seventh since Mr. Cocke's death, sees the realization of this beautiful memorial conception. By next fall the new building will stretch across the open side of the hollow rectangle between the East and West Buildings, thus emphasizing the cloistral effect of the architecture of Hollins, and at the same time occupying the most commanding site on the campus. From this position, with dignified colonial aspect, the memorial to the Founder of Hollins will be the first sight to welcome the coming guest.

It is appropriate to thus commemorate the life of this leader in education, but, to my mind, there is an inward fitness in a library memorial to Mr. Cocke. For, on the one hand, he was a practical man of affairs, a keen judge of men and the intents of their hearts; and, on the other hand, he was



a man of books and thoughts. He was a hungry reader of the multiplying events by which progress was striding forward in his day; he was a searcher of the crystallized periods of history; and, conspicuously, he was a deep student of a few great books—books “of all time,” which were to him living fountains of thought. Without doubt the advantages arising from the use of our large libraries are of no mean order; but it is also true that many of the most learned men have been limited to small libraries and to the exhaustive study of a few volumes. And disregarding the fact that Mr. Cocke was a wide reader, I venture to call him the master of a few master books and a man of a few ideas and moral principles around which gravitated the large thought of a full life. He believed in the training and informing power of the reading habit; for repeatedly in his addresses before the graduating classes he enjoins upon them the precept: “Follow not the example of thousands and tens of thousands in this Southern land who have laid aside books and all literary labors on their final commencement day. Read and study, young ladies, not the light literature of the day, but books that are books—books of thought, books of breadth and depth and grasp of meaning, that your powers may be still further disciplined, that your fund of knowledge may be enlarged, and your mental vision expanded.”

Yet, not only by example and precept did Mr. Cocke enforce the educating and character forming power of good books; he developed in his own work the fruit of companionship with literature. He was himself a graphic writer, and a full and forcible speaker. Much has been said delineating his character as a man and as an educator, but I think there has yet been no adequate consideration of the literary side of his life. By this, I mean the expression of himself he has left in his writings. Perhaps some time, following the good literary fashion of our day, one of his children or grandchildren will gather and arrange Mr. Cocke's letters, speeches, and many other articles contributed to papers and journals. Such volumes would be rich in religious thought, penetrating on the educational movements in the South in the last half of the nineteenth century, full of controversial fire in passages, here and there kindled with humor, that makes truth human and companionable, and everywhere instinct with an optimistic philosophy that, guided by the power of straight thinking, often seems to lend the writer prophetic vision into the future conditions and problems of the post-bellum South. It is so interesting to note with what sagacity and imagination Mr. Cocke forecasts the future of Virginia, that I can not refrain from quoting

for example from an address made in 1866. In those days of midnight darkness for the South, Mr. Cocke writes: “A new order of things arrives; a new civilization begins. Henceforth hurry, bustle, business, await us. Vast avenues of trade and travel are open through every section; foreign immigration is to pour into our borders; a dense population is to cover the land; large cities are to spring into being; new enterprises are to be set on foot. In this new state of society, where shall we stand? That Virginia ideas, Virginia principles, Virginia men shall rule Virginia, I have no question, but that these influences will be modified by powerful new elements, there can equally be no question.”

Witness the literal fulfillment of this prophecy and recall that these words were written before the graves of '60-'64 were sodded over, or barns and homes rebuilt!

It would be, I suppose, as impossible to collect Mr. Cocke's letters, as to find again last year's foliage of some forest oak, which winds have scattered over all the land it lords. But I venture, from such fragments of this correspondence as have been at my disposal, that winnowed of its large proportion of business communication, it would still be voluminous and interesting. When Mr. Cocke came from the Tidewater section, with its older life, to found Hollins at the gateways of Southwestern Virginia, the era of adventurous experiment was past; he came with the purpose of finding and accomplishing his life work. Thus from the summer of 1846 letters begin to pour out to his family first, then to other educators, and later to patrons, which latter class in time came to embrace some of the leading men of the South. Some of the early letters picture with enthusiasm the fertile fields and mountainous beauty of his new home, tell of an aristocracy living on large plantations, and describe the cheapness and inconvenience of living. Later there are scraps of politics and discussions of moral questions, and shot through all is the gleam of his growing ideal of a school for the higher education of Southern women. As an unstudied revelation of the ideas and character of the writer and as a sincere commentary on passing issues and events, Mr. Cocke's collected letters would be of great value.

But from Mr. Cocke's speeches, many of which fortunately have been preserved, his style and characteristics as a writer may best be studied. Into his literary work he carried the sleepless energy that marked everything he did. He approached every subject upon which he spoke, full of fact and thought. An exuberance of mental vitality seemed to give his epigrammatic



style momentum. A fine power of illustration made him effective in appeal, while a logical habit of thought made him convincing in argument. Even in cold type, his speeches in an unusual degree convince the reason and arouse the emotion of the reader.

If he had been called into statescraft to deal with subjects of national interest, the inspiration of theme and occasion would have raised him to the height of an orator; but his sphere of life dictated his dominant theme—education. His addresses are, therefore, often didactic, full of optimistic advice and inspiring ideals for the young, always influenced in thought and style by his deep study of the Bible. It is a remarkable fact that for fifty years consecutively he addressed the graduating class of Hollins, always bringing to the occasion new thoughts and ideals. Well do I recall a personal impression of Mr. Cocke on the Hollins rostrum, his handsome figure erect, his noble face kindled with feeling, looking young-eyed into the young faces before him and holding open the door of opportunity to educated young women, saying: "Go into this joyous life of service and labor for the Master! Nothing limits your power but your own intellectual and spiritual capacity."

In this sketch I have tried to suggest briefly the literary side of Mr. Cocke's life in order to emphasize the fitness of a library memorial to him. As once in the development of civilization men expressed the dominance of religious ideals by building great cathedrals, so it seems to me that men are expressing now the educational spirit of the age by building libraries. And we, the Alumnae of Hollins, are proud that one of these libraries will stand at Hollins in memory of Charles L. Cocke, who realized that books are "king's treasures," and from them learned the true kingship, "which consists in a stronger moral state, a truer thoughtful state, than that of others; enabling one, therefore, to guide or to raise them."

MARY WILLIAMSON.

## "Ye Shades of Shakespeare"

It was a very dark night. The moon had not yet risen, and the shadows in the back yard lay deep as the blackness of the innermost recess of the catacombs. Suddenly the silence was broken by a low, prolonged "Me-o-ow?" The cry

was at first uttered cautiously, but when there was no response, it was repeated louder, and in a more musical key; and as if in accordance to the laws of cataphonics there came an answer, then two large black cats met face to face in the shadow of the fence.

Immediately, they both bristled in defence, but gradually the backs fell, the whiskers ceased to tremble, and a more friendly light glowed in the brilliant green eyes.

The first cat spoke in a low, hissing whisper:—

"The watchword!"

"Shakespeare!"

"Follow me!"

And cautiously he led the way along the fence, until they came to

a place where a board was pulled loose, in the manner of back-yard fences.





First carefully measuring the width of the aperture with their whiskers, the two cats squeezed through. On the unexplored side was a catapult tree, from whose deep shades gleamed seven huge pairs of eyes. The two newcomers blinked uncertainly, and the seven accompanying bodies became discernible.

In the center of this congregation stood a large animal in top-boots. By the way in which the others catered to his pleasure, it was easy to see that this was the high executive of the assembly.

"Whom have we here?" inquired Puss-in-Boots, indicating the newcomer with a majestic sweep of his magnificent tail.

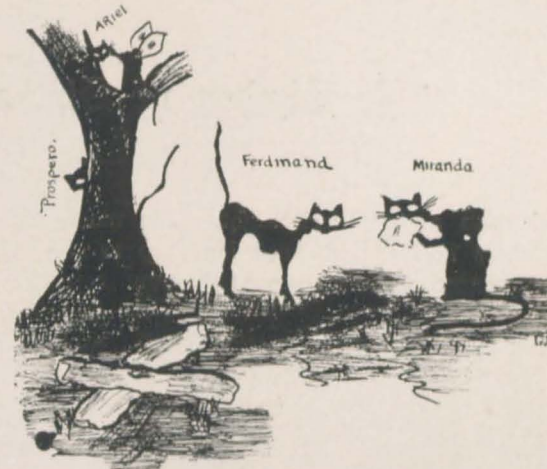
"May it please you, sire," replied the stranger,

"hearing of your great purpose in gathering here tonight, I came to offer my services. Though humble in appearance, I have had many wonderful experiences, and have, in my time, been worshiped by a wise people. I am an earnest student of the drama, thoroughly acquainted with its minutest point of technique, and am eager to show my interpretation of the immortal bard's characters."

"As president of the Feline Dramatic Club," said Puss with a grave bow. "I extend a hearty welcome to you. Allow me to ask your name,—judging from your accent, I take it that you are a foreigner?"

"Sir President, I am the Cat of Bubastes—I came from the land of the Nile—an Egyptian, an' it please you!"

"As such you are doubly welcome!" cried Puss, extending his genteel paw. "All who come from that country of catadupes are honored above the highest! Allow me to present you to our members. First, your conductor—known to fiction as Dick Whittington's Cat—a famous hunter, The



F— "Why weepest thou?"

M— For my unworthiness —

White Cat, Pussy Willow, The Black Cat, the Three Little Kittens-Who-Lost-Their-Mittens, and the Cheshire Cat."

The last mentioned greeted the Cat of Bubastes with a happy grin which spread slowly from the tip of one delicately pointed ear to that of the other, and made the newcomer assured of his welcome.



"And now," announced Puss-in-Boots, "we will proceed with the meeting. First, as to business: We have decided to change the 'Moonlight Serenaders' into a Dramatic Club—owing to opposition in the shape of boots, bricks, etc., thrown by audiences who have no soul for art. We will devote these midnight hours to a profound study of Shakespeare, and at this, our first meeting, we must choose a patron and select a list of scenes to be studied. I am ready to hear suggestions in regard to a patron."

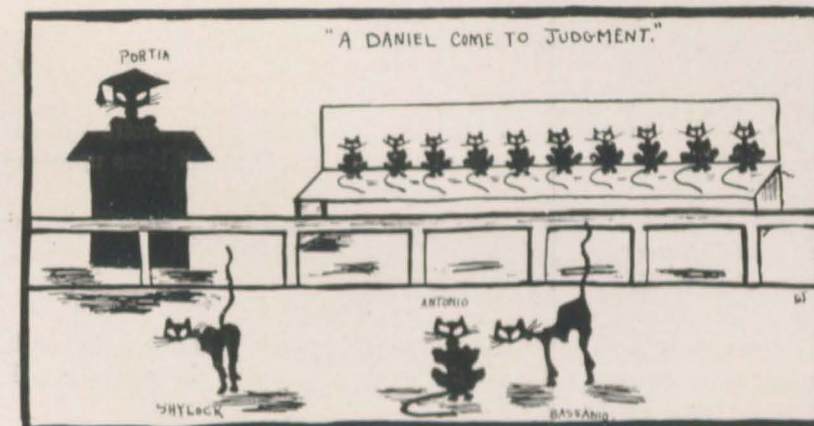
"Out! damned spot."

A slender, sinuous cat arose.

"Mr. President."

"Pussy Willow."

"I would suggest as a patron Saint Catherine."





With great dignity, Puss-in-Boots scratched the profound name upon the sand with his highly manicured claw, and inquired:



"When shall we three meet again?"

"And now," continued Puss, "we must choose a seal and motto—preferably something from Shakespeare. I should like to hear all ideas upon this subject."

Again a purr of conversation spread over the assembly, only stilled when the White Cat arose.

"Mr. President."

"The White Cat."

"For our seal we may use—to quote a direct speech of Hotspur—'a couchant lion and a rampant cat;' for our motto a saying of the great Falstaff: 'As vigilant as a cat to steal cream!'"

"Any more names?"

A stately ebony animal strode forward.

"Mr. President."

"The Black Cat."

"Being, as you all know, strictly a literary cat, I have devoted much thought to this matter and have reached the conclusion that no more suitable person could be found than the Roman Cataline."

A purr of approbation; for his opinion was highly valued.

"An excellent suggestion," said the Cheshire Cat with a broad grin. "In distributing the parts for study there will be no difficulty in giving each Cat-a-line!"

This remark caused so much merriment that Puss was obliged to call the meeting to order.

A vote was taken and Cataline chosen as the patron of the Dramatic Club.

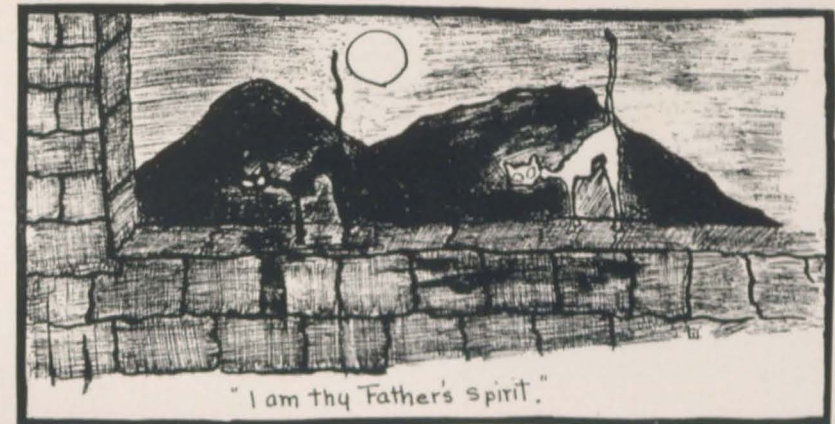
The Cheshire Cat immediately objected.

"Mr. President, if that motto were chosen (to quote Hetes), 'It follows that the Cat must stay at home.'"

The Cat of Bubastes gazed impressively at the wag of the Dramatic Club, then said:

"Mr. President, I move we accept the suggestion of the White Cat regarding the seal but I consider both motions offered beneath the dignity of the Club, so I suggest one which I think much more appropriate—'A Cat may look at a King.'"

Amid great applause the motion of the Cat of Bubastes was voted upon and accepted. And the President passed on to the real object of the meeting—the selection of scenes for study.



"I have here," said Puss, clearing his throat, "a list of scenes for study from the following dramas: 'Macbeth,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Tempest,' and the program reads as follows:

"The Witches" . . . Three Little Kittens-Who-Lost-Their-Mittens  
 "Juliet" . . . . . The White Cat  
 "Romeo" . . . . . Puss-in-Boots  
 "Shylock" . . . . . Cat of Bubastes  
 "Miranda" . . . . . Pussy Willow  
 "Ferdinand" . . . . . Dick Whittington's Cat



"And what will I be?" inquired the Cheshire Cat.

"You may be the peanut roost," replied Puss disdainfully.

At this moment a terrible clatter arose and a huge dog sprang in the midst of the meeting. There was no movement to adjourn, the members left hurriedly, regardless of parliamentary law. No welcome was extended to this stranger—he was unceremoniously deserted. After a few inquisitive sniffs and suspicious growls the intruder left the scene of action; and as he was vanishing around the corner of the chicken-coop the Cheshire Cat stuck his head cautiously from behind the ash-barrel and purred:

"All's Well that Ends Well."

And the pale moonlight reflected his joyous grin.

L. B. M. and G. J.



"All's well that ends well."

DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL

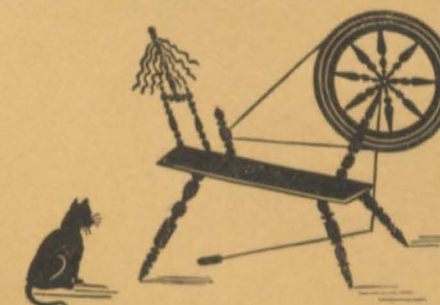
Catalogue

OF THE

Pictures and Sculptures

IN

The Spinster Art Gallery



First Edition

PRINTED FOR THE SPINSTER COMPANY  
AND SOLD AT THE GALLERY  
HOLLINS, 1908

A GUIDE TO THE GALLERY, OR THE GALLERY GU(Y)'D



This Gallery containing eighteen pictures  
was presented to Hollins by  
**THE SPINSTER**  
for the  
Encouragement and development of the  
Artistic Sense

## PICTURES AND SCULPTURES



No. 1—Maas  
THE SPINNER



No. 2—Van Dyke  
BABY STUART



No. 3—Nanjole  
ST. CECELIA



No. 4—Von Bremen  
STUDY





No. 5—Paul Hoecker  
GIRL WITH CAT



No. 6—Leonardo Da Vinci  
MONA LISA



No. 7—Sir J. Reynolds  
MIDDAGH AS THE TRAGIC MUSE



No. 8—Sir J. Reynolds  
AGE OF INNOCENCE



No. 9—Carpaccio  
ANGEL WITH MANDOLIN



No. 10—Watts  
HOPE



No. 11—Fra Angelica  
ANGEL



No. 12—Fra Angelica  
ANGEL





No. 13—Richter  
QUEEN LOUISE



No. 14—Burne-Jones  
AURORA



No. 15—J. Sant  
SOUL'S AWAKENING



No. 16—J. Sant  
SIMPLICITY



No. 17—GOSSIPS—Anonymous



No. 18—NETSU—THE SPINSTER FAMILY



## PICTURES AND SCULPTURES

### Explanatory Remarks

#### No. 1. THE SPINNER—By Maas.

A poor woman in a cottage bends over a spinning-wheel. Her age is shown by the grey hair and fine wrinkles. Though the hand of care is heavy upon her brow, her eye is bright and clear. The mouth has a pathetic droop. With extreme care she draws the thread through the wheel, preparing to spin many wonderful yarns. The background is plain, but in keeping with the appearance of the woman—scrupulously neat.

#### No. 2. BABY STUART—By Van Dyke.

One of the unfortunate children of Chas. I. A very young child; note the round, innocent face, with its big, inquiring eyes and straight little nose. In its little hands it holds a gay ball; the dress is an elaborate one.

#### No. 3. ST. CECELIA—By Nanjole.

This composition was designed as a portion of the decorative scheme of the Hollins chapel. It is celebrated for the rapt expression on the player's face, as if she were, indeed, inspired by angels.

#### No. 4. STUDY—By Von Bremen.

Here is a plain, bare room devoted to the use of students. At a desk sits a young girl, head upon her hand, as she ponders over the hard lesson she is determined to learn. The face is one of a scholar; broad brow and thoughtful eyes. It is easily seen that this young student will permit no pleasures to come between herself and her study.

#### No. 5. GIRL WITH CAT—By Paul Hoecker.

A young girl with a large black cat. Her fondness for animals is shown in the caressing way in which she holds the cat. In her face is seen the predominant trace of benevolence.

#### No. 6. MONA LISA—Leonardo Da Vinci.

The expression upon the face of this wonderful painting has long baffled the critics. It is said by some to be sneering, by

others to be laughing, by others to be sorrowful. But all agree that pride and indifference are plainly evident.

#### No. 7. MIDDAGH AS THE TRAGIC MUSE—By Sir J. Reynolds.

Here is a famous actress, noted for her fascinating presence and musical ability. Note the strong, dramatic pose of the figure, and the wild, tragic glare of the eyes. A masterpiece, certainly.

#### No. 8. AGE OF INNOCENCE—By Sir J. Reynolds.

A little child at play. This picture is famous for the totally unconscious pose of the child. No trace of self-consciousness nor self-admiration is shown in the face.

#### No. 9. ANGEL WITH MANDOLIN—By Carpaccio.

This picture was originally intended for a panel-painting or part of a group. The Angel bends over a mandolin, laboriously picking at the strings. It is purely conventional.

#### No. 10. HOPE—By Watts.

With her book in her hand, and sitting on the globe, in the dim twilight of the world, she tries to get all the learning possible out of the last remaining page, still striving to reach the goal, seemingly out of her reach.

#### No. 11. ANGEL—By Fra Angelica

This is a wonderful piece of work—celebrated for the elaborate detail and harmony of colors—the face of the angel is alight with a noble purpose.

#### No. 12. ANGEL—By Fra Angelica

A companion piece to No. 11—the two have never been apart. There is a wonderful likeness in the figures—and the countenances of both are noble and sincere.

#### No. 13. QUEEN LOUISE—By Richter

Noted for grace and calm repose—but the face of the picture is a weak, frivolous one—indicating a love for finery and display, and a desire for admiration.

#### No. 14. AURORA—By Burne-Jones

In this painting, Aurora, or Dawn, is represented tripping down marble steps—in each hand she carries brass instruments



guaranteed to wake the dead. In the sky the first evidence of day is seen. In the face is expressed an intense delight in early rising. This picture is noted for the sense of reality it conveys.

**No. 15. SOUL'S AWAKENING—By J. Sant**

The head of a beautiful young girl—the treatment is simple, but the idea expressed is wonderful. The face is that of one inspired, the glorious eyes up-raised—the lips parted—it seems as though she is listening to a message from another world. Her long, slender hand clasps a book. The whole attitude expresses intense attention.

**No. 16. SIMPLICITY—By J. Sant**

This painting represents a simple, pure-minded girl—one who has no knowledge of the world or worldly matters. The face expresses trust and utter confidence—a beautiful picture of a guileless young girl.

**No. 17. THE GOSSIPS—Artist Unknown**

Here three old maids are represented drinking tea and gossiping—the one on the right pretends to be shocked at what she has heard—but we may be sure that when her turn comes she will be just as eager to tell her bit of news. The faces of all three show keen interest and a determination not to miss a word, but to remember all to tell the first person they meet on leaving.

**No. 18. THE SPINSTER FAMILY—By Metsu**

This is considered the most valuable work in the gallery, not only on account of its size, wonderful coloring, etc., but also on account of the extremely interesting figures represented. The family is a large one and evidently very congenial. The head of the house is a jovial personage—whose beaming countenance betrays the pride and affection for the family. The children represented—from the largest to the babe in the arms—possess bright, intelligent faces. Notice the remarkable likeness of one person to another. However, on closer observation, it will be seen that in every face there is a trace of weariness, indeed, almost exhaustion—but note the attempt to conceal all such marks. The background is that of a plain comfortable home.

SPINSTER PRESS



## The Guilty Man

ANDRE CLOSSON pushed his bulky form further into the capacious chair. His mild, blue eyes glistened with excitement, and he waited impatiently for the speaker to finish.

"It seems more than passing strange to me that this Gabriel Villegagnon should appear so mysteriously at New Rochelle at the very time when the traders of Quebec are sweeping the country for a thief by that name. It seems more than passing strange, I say, and I, for one, shall cease to treat the gay fellow as though he were Lord of France."

The other men looked at Andre, and nodded their heads approvingly—only one thin, knotted finger was pointed at the fat man, and a stern voice admonished him relentlessly:

"Peace, Andre Closson! 'Tis ever a way of your prattling tongue to escape with that scatter-brained head. What proof have you brought against the newcomer, other than the idle talk of a half-breed? If I were in your place, I would curb my speech, and leave the fair repute of the lad untouched. And you are not the only one—half of New Rochelle is ready to condemn him—and why? because of an idle rumor."

Silence fell on the gathering, a sullen acceptance of the rebuke dealt to their suspicions. The shrill October wind rushed through the half-bare branches of the poplar trees outside, and swept the dried leaves against the tiny square panes of the window. An occasional snowflake settled on the ledge, as if desirous of feeling something of the warmth of the Huguenot fireside.

Andre broke the stillness.

"I do not wish to endanger my traps by harboring a thief! Were this any other place than New Rochelle, that man would even now be watching the world from behind iron bars. But we soft-hearted fools, because we came hither to worship according to our faith, we seem to think that New



Rochelle is a City of Refuge for the meanest scoundrel. You would be a heavy loser, Pierre Frontignau! I've yet to see when the hand that shields the serpent is not the worst bitten."

"That was a selfish speech to make on God's day. The lad may come to my house—I do not fear him, nor will I condemn him—yet. Let us say no more of this and drown the hard feeling in a glass of wine. Philippa!"

From somewhere above came the hurry of quick feet, and presently a young girl descended the stairs. Her soft, black hair stole in loose curls from her white linen cap. The crimson kerchief around her neck vied with the redness of her lips, and something of the color was reflected in her round cheeks.

"How like purple pansies her eyes are!" whispered Fontaine Bonnat to himself, but cast his own eyes downward when Philippa looked his way.

The goblets on the wooden tray tinkled as she placed them by her father's side. Pierre raised his glass, sparkling with the vintage of sunny France.

"My friends, we have followed our faith to the wilderness that we might worship God as our hearts dictate. Do you not think that Christ would wish us to give this man one more chance? Let us drink to the prosperity of Gabriel Villegagnon!"

Andre sat down his empty glass.

"It is growing late, Pierre, and I must be going home. Fontaine, do you think your long legs can keep pace with the short steps of a fat man?"

The young man rose, and took his fur cap from the deer antlers hanging on the wall. He looked again at the smiling face of Philippa Frontignau, and turned purple with embarrassment, when he caught a glance from under the long lashes. In spite of his broad acres and lucky traps, Fontaine Bonnat was as dust beneath the little buckled shoes of Philippa.

The two men walked homeward silently, and not until they came in sight of the rambling old tavern did Andre speak.

"I see through Pierre's defence of yonder idler! He would have Gabriel the Light Fingered for a son-in-law. Better look to the pink-cheeked Philippa, my son, or the prize will be gone before you know it. You can't fool the old eyes of Andre! I know how often Gabriel Villegagnon goes to the house up the road!"

Fontaine frowned as he glanced at the man in front of the deserted tavern. Gabriel was the picture of light-hearted ease. He was leaning back against the tavern wall his soft, brown eyes fixed on the blue evening

sky. A loose knot of white silk was tied at his throat, and he was singing. Lightly the song rose and fell on the Sabbath stillness:

"Il etait roi d'Yvetot.  
Pen connu dans l'histoire. Le levant tard, se couchant tot.  
Dormait fort bien sans gloire.  
Et couronne par Jeanneton. D'un simp'e bonnet de coton.  
Dit—on  
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était la, la, la.

"I take it that my pretty singer is happy! Do you think that a fitting song for the Seventh Day? Well, every man to his taste. Why did you not come to Pierre's? All New Rochelle was there." Andre stopped and puffed laborously.

Gabriel brought his gaze from the sky to the rusty sign that bore the legend, "L'Amenite Tavern, 1663." Finally he leveled his baffling inscrutable eyes on the two.

"New Rochelle would have nothing to talk of had I been there. Fontaine, be early tomorrow," he said, then resumed his song.

Andre shrugged his shoulders.

"What have you to do with that man? Ah, Pierre may urge for more evidence but I know Gabriel Villegagnon is as guilty as Judas, and he knows that we know it!"

When the dust had settled behind the shuffling feet of the gossip, Gabriel arose and looked down the road.

"And now that those garrulous fools have gone, I will go up to Pierre's. Only—mon Dieu! how can I look Philippa in the face?"

The girl was still sitting with her father, watching the reflections of the flames, as they darted from the white tiles of the floor to the polished copper plates, and leered with bleary red eyes from the mahogany dresser in the shadow. At the first sound of Gabriel's voice she started to her feet, and a soft blush spread over her face.

"Good day, friend Pierre!" The fresh, young voice recalled half-forgotten scenes to the broken old man. "I came to bid you farewell." He addressed the father, but he looked at the girl, who sat with folded hands and glowing cheeks.

"Going, my son? and where? I have heard nothing of it."

"Back up North—Fontaine Bonnat and I—to exchange some skins."



"Why, Fontaine said nothing of this journey to me this evening. But then, he is a quiet lad."

"Would you like for me to take those silver-fox skins? The prices would be much better at Fort Orange, and it would be no trouble for me to stop there on my way."

The old man's eyes flickered with pride.

"Aye, that is so—the five silver fox-skins! No one has ever trapped so many or such large ones! You say the prices at Fort Orange are good?"

"The skins I sold there fetched a handsome sum."

Pierre fidgeted—it was unlucky that Gabriel should recall that story of the skins just then.

"Would it be profaning the Sabbath to give you those furs now? But you say the prices are so good at Fort Orange—and those Dutch at New Amsterdam will swindle us poor Frenchmen."

Pierre did not wait for Gabriel's answer; already he was out of the room.

Gabriel crossed over to Philippa, where she sat studying the flames.

"Are you sorry that—that Fontaine goes tomorrow?"

She smiled up at him, but her chin quivered a trifle.

"Fontaine said nothing to me about it. I do not care for Fontaine. But you, mon ami! In your absence I will ask God's protection over you, and pray that you will return. Why do you go?"

The man laughed softly.

"And if I wouldn't tell you, Philippa?"

"Do not use that light tone with me! Can you not trust me? I am no child."

Gabriel's eyes lighted as he took the reluctant little hand.

"Yes, you are a woman, and to me you are the dearest woman in the world. May your prayers be answered, Philippa, may it please God that I will return."

He dropped her hand at the sound of a heavy step. "There is not one silver-fox—not one."

Gabriel started. "What do you mean?"

Pierre's voice shook with anger. "They have been removed from the lock-house! Ah, well, it is a punishment for my false pride and my desire to barter on God's day! Ah, well."

"The low, cowardly thief!" Philippa was thinking of the beautiful silks and laces that the silver-fox skins would have bought.

"Hush, daughter! It was too great a temptation for some poor man. I was not careful enough. We all have our little weaknesses, in all the world there has been but one Perfect Being, and He, too, was tempted."

"Do you not know—can you not find out the thief, and punish him?" Gabriel's voice was even and tense.

Old Pierre looked at the young man, fighting back the accusations that trembled on his lips.

"I do not care to know, Monsieur."

The tone was sharp and keen like a knife, and Gabriel shrank back as from a blow.

He walked home slowly that night. Between the half-naked branches he caught glimpses of the star-studded skies, each bright point of light like an accusing eye. Then his head lifted and he smiled.

"Let New Rochelle say that I took the skins. Let them say, as they do, that I stole the others from Quebec. But Philippa—ah! she will trust me! She will pray God for my safe return."

And he started his song anew.

"Quel bon petit roi c'était la!  
La, la."

The refrain floated back to Philippa, clear and sweet as the call of some wild bird. A smile dimpled her face and presently the smile broke into a low, rippling laugh.

"He will come back," she said, "he will come back."

But old Pierre, who heard the soft whisper, shook his head.

"He lost the chance, the last chance! I do not know," he murmured, "but I will wait."

New Rochelle was astir at daybreak, but Gabriel Villegagnon and Fontaine Bonnat had journeyed by that time far into the forest. By noon the little city was abuzz with the news of Pierre's loss of the five silver-fox skins.

Andre Closson had told the story at the L'Amenite Tavern, and when he had finished he shrugged his shoulders and pointed with his thumb down the road. "The five skins are well on the way now."

And that is how the report started. Even Pierre did not deny it, and was forced to accredit the story of the Quebec half-breed, for, as Andre Closson said, it was a different matter when the skins were Pierre Frontignau's.

Even Philippa began to believe that, after all, Gabriel was only a common thief. How sly he must have been to have taken the skins, and at the same



time be making love to her! What a villain he was! So after three months she ceased to mention Gabriel in her prayers, and looked forward to Fontaine's return. Every one said that "The Light-Fingered" would never again see New Rochelle.

Soon Andre Closson had something else to tell the men in the L'Amenite Tavern. "Fontaine Bonnat has returned. His pockets jingle with gold coins—he is a rich man."

"Where is Gabriel Villegagnon?" A dozen men had laid down their pipes to ask this question. Andre laughed at their eagerness.

"Gabriel the Light Fingered! I knew that was coming! Fontaine only shrugged his shoulders when I asked him, but he did say that the merchants of Fort Orange had a great deal of parley over the price of five silver-fox skins! Strange, is it not? Ah, well, Pierre loses but little. Fontaine Bonnat found his tongue in the forest, and he has been with Philippa Frontignau all day."

And a welcome visitor was the gold-laden Fontaine in that household. He evaded Philippa's questions about Gabriel,—he was in Quebec was all that he would say. But to Pierre he told the story of the Fort Orange merchants and the fox skins. Pierre's anger was hot against the thief, and swore never to trust another stranger. Therefore Fontaine's suit found favor in the eyes of the Frontignaus, and Gabriel was forgotten.

It was a warm night in June, and Philippa was standing in the doorway watching the fireflies in the darkness. Fontaine had just gone, and a bright ring encircled her slender finger. Presently, a strange feeling of restlessness came to her, a knowledge that she was not alone.

She looked up quickly—almost by her side stood a man, his fur cap pulled well down over his face, but still she recognized him. It was Gabriel Villegagnon.

He came closer, and touched her arm.

"Philippa, Philippa—your prayers are answered! I have come back."

The melody in his voice thrilled her like the sweetest music.

"Did you think I would not remember, sweetheart? It was hard—the ropes cut that bound me—see?" He bared his wrist and showed where the thongs had flamed a crimson band, raw and tender.

"But I do not mind that now, Philippa. Oh, those eyes of yours! how they have haunted me in that black cell! They are dark—dark like the shadows in the forest when a storm is coming. But they were the

eyes of a child until I came—and then, when you loved me, the star of womanhood arose there! I saw it the evening you promised to pray for my safe return."

Philippa pushed his hand aside with all her strength.

"Don't!" she said, and hid her face.

But Gabriel hurried on.

"Do you think you have been just a passing fancy in my life? Would you know what you have done? When I came to this place, I was too low to look my fellow-man in the face. I had been trusted and I betrayed my trust. I had been sent South to sell valuable furs. I sold them, but I kept the money. Then I met you who had faith in me and loved me, and I resolved to be worthy. So when Fontaine Bonnat asked me to go North with him, I said yes, but not to sell furs—to take back the money. I took it back. He lied, but I don't mind that now. Do you not see? You saved my soul, Philippa!"

He made as if to draw her to him, when a voice interrupted:

"M'sieu, my daughter is betrothed to Fontaine Bonnat—do not touch her! And where—where are those five fox skins?"

For a moment Gabriel stood as he was when Pierre's voice stopped him—with arms outstretched, and the love on his beautiful face. Slowly his hands dropped and the expression died as he saw the cold horror in Philippa's eyes. Fontaine Bonnat's bride!

Gabriel laughed, as he turned to go, but the look on his face was like a devil's in madness.

For a moment Philippa stood in the doorway, watching the stumbling figure.

"I am sorry—so sorry," she faltered.

The old man's voice still shook with wrath.

"For shame—he is a thief—a low, common thief!"

Down the long road they watched the dark form. Then a song broke the air, a harsh, discordant melody that floated back bravely.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était la!  
La, la!"

The men in the L'Amenite Tavern heard the song, and put down their glasses.

"What is it, Andre?"



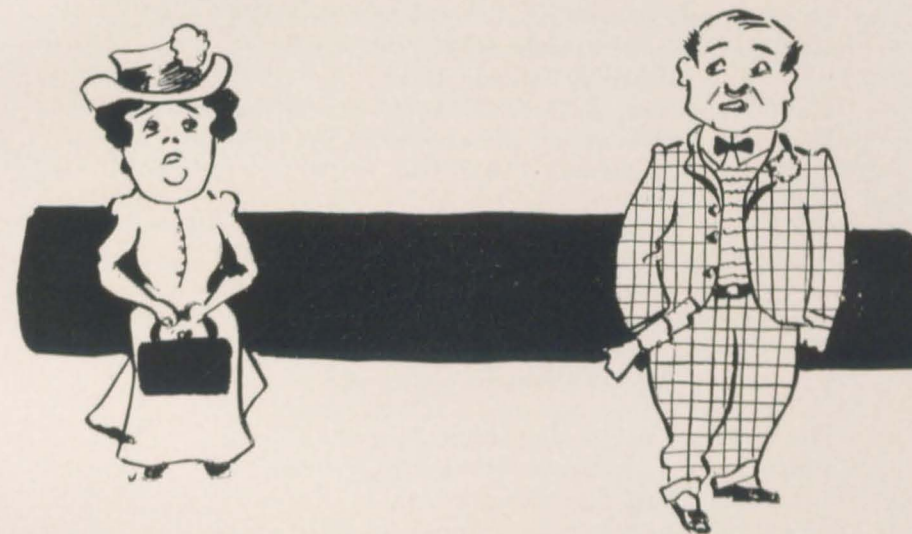
Fontaine's hand shook as though he had heard the voice of a ghost. Then a man shambled by, singing lustily the silly song. Andre Closson leaned forward. "'Tis Gabriel Villegagnon! He has come back!"

"Come back," echoed Fontaine, and his face blanched white.

"Yes, and that reminds me. Did I tell you what that trapper from Quebec said? I know that it is not true, but he said that the lad did really carry back the money for those furs. Why going so early, Fontaine? But Fontaine told the merchants of the five stolen fox skins, and they clapped the irons on the merry Gabriel, as it would have been well if New Rochelle had done in the beginning. He must have been a very wicked man, this Gabriel Villegagnon, for he was punished severely."

"What did the trapper say of the Fort Orange merchants and the five silver fox skins?"

"Oh, I scarcely know whether to believe aught that the man said. He denied Fontaine's story, and told me that the merchants had bought the fox skins from Fontaine himself. Doubtless he mixed the two lads."



"Good mornin'," said Mrs. Partington, as she entered the lawyer's office, "my husband's sister's daughters' died detested, she left several little infidels, and I want to be made their exycuter."



## THE MERMAID'S SONG

I've a song for you, sailor, I'd sing low to thee,  
Of the charm in the depths of the mystical sea,  
Where no mortals abide;

But I'd lure you to come, for my heart calls for you  
With a love far as strong, and as constant and true,  
As the pulse of the tide.

But I see as I follow your path o'er the brine,  
That your gaze ever wanders to lands far behind,  
And my heart ever fears  
That an earthly love binds, so you hear unafraid  
The siren-like song of a hopeless mermaid,  
All alone with her tears.

But hark as I sing of those cities of pearl,  
Around whose slim towers the weird waters curl,  
And dost thou not hear,  
'Mid the shriek of the gale, the low notes of their bells,  
Which for ships that are doomed toll their deep muffled knells,  
With wonder and fear?

On the smooth stretching sands with their pale sea-shells' tint,  
Rise vast trees of coral where silv'ry fish glint,  
And a mermaid oft strays,  
Where the tangles of kelp from the depths of the flood  
Send their brown snake-like leaves all a-gliding, above,  
And dreams of vain days.

In damp, ragged reefs a wrecked wealth is strown;  
There men that were drowned dig their own heaps of bone  
For the treasures beneath.  
Through the darkness there gleams in a phosphorent fire  
Forms of slimy sea-things as they slip through the mire,  
While the black waters seethe.

And at last there's a love that you ne'er can resist,  
There's a force that impels to the ocean's abyss;  
Not the wild waves' alluring,  
Nor the peace in the breadth that its vastness doth bring,  
Nor the mystery deep in the wonders I sing,  
But a love that's enduring.

"There's a voice that I hear ever calling to me;  
There's a spell in the drowsy swish-swash of the sea,  
And there lurks 'neath the waves  
A fair face that is weaving a Circe-like charm,  
But my Love that I left holds me safe from all harm,  
'T is her image that saves."

G. J.



EVOLUTION OF THE BILL.



# ATHLETICS



## Athletic Statistics

### OFFICERS

CLARA ELLEN FORBES.....*President*  
SULLY HAYWARD.....*Vice-President*  
ROSE PLEASANTS HAYWARD.....*Tennis Manager*

### Executive Committee

CLARA ELLEN FORBES	CARRIE JONES	REBECCA PHILLIPS
	ROSE HAYWARD	





ATHLETIC OFFICERS  
HAYWARD—FORBES







## Mohican Team

PHILLIPS, Captain

Forwards {  
 PHILLIPS  
 CARPENTER  
 PORTER  
 WILLINGHAM, Sub.

Centers {  
 HOBSON  
 WOODING  
 COCKE  
 LYLES, Sub.

Guards {  
 NURNEY  
 DOWNES  
 TUCKER  
 McCLAIN, Sub.







## Yemassee Team

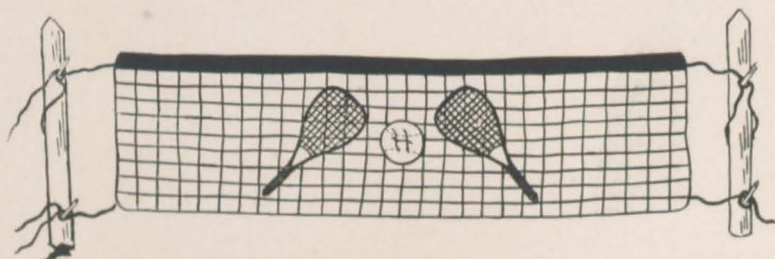


FORBES, Captain

Forwards {  
 FORBES  
 WILHITE  
 MILLER  
 V. WILLIAMS, *Sub.*

Centers {  
 BETTY  
 CLOMAN  
 C. WILLINGHAM  
 WILTSHIRE, *Sub.*

Guards {  
 MALONE  
 TRUE  
 THOM  
 RUDD, *Sub.*



## The Tennis Club

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ROSE HAYWARD.....Manager

### MEMBERS

FRANCES LONGAN	MAMIE SINGLETON
MARGARET RUSSELL	ROSETTA TERRY
REBECCA PORTER	HENRIETTA TAYLOR
MARIE MILLS	MABEL WOOLFORD
NAN ROPER	ELLEN DICKERSON
ELIZABETH DARLINGTON	HAZEL MIDDAGH
BESSIE HOLLAND	JEANIE COCKE
ELLEN LINN MOLTON	SULLY HAYWARD
THERESE NURNEY	LOUISE CARPENTER
ELIZABETH DOWNES	BERTHA BOLTON
GERTRUDE OBERHOLTZER	EDITH WILLINGHAM
VIRGINIA CORKE	NETTIE MAYNARD
WILELLA RAINER	HAZEL SHANKLIN
LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE	MARY WOODING
LUCILLA MCCLAIN	
RIENETTE MILLER	MARY ELLIS
CORNELIA ELLIS	
MARGARET KENDRICK	ALICE PRESTON
HELEN STEINER	
KITTY HOGE	ALICE LINCOLN
MARY MILES	





TENNIS CLUB



### Kodak Club

CLARA ELLEN FORBES, ..... *President*  
 MARY SULLY HAYWARD, ..... *Vice-President*

#### MEMBERS

PHOEBE HUNTER	LOUISE MOUNTCASTLE	ANNIE ESTER
MARGARET CHEWNING	MARY CAMP	CORNELIA ELLIS
HELEN STEINER	SULLY HAYWARD	CLARA ELLEN FORBES
LALLA BURTON	MAY HALEY	VIRGINIA FOSTER
MAMIE SINGLETON		

## ALICE IN - HOLLINGSLAND.





## Alice in Hollins Land

**E**STABLISHED 1842 for the higher education of young ladies—  
Salubrious climate—established 1842—1482—salubrious education—  
higher young ladies”—

The Hollins catalogue slid to the floor, and Alice felt herself drifting—  
drifting—

Bang! and some one, running at full speed, collided with her violently. Alice looked up and recognized her old friend the Red Queen, with hair dishevelled and a massive volume beneath her arm.

"Well, child! you again!" said Her Majesty, sadly. "You'll hardly know the old place, I fear. There have been sad changes. But hurry! the bell rang two seconds ago, and by the Three Pivots of European History, Queen Agnes will give me zero!" and in a trice she had snatched Alice's hand and was dragging her along at lightning speed, till it seemed that their feet did not touch the ground. "Faster! Faster!" screamed the Queen, and tore madly into a dark hall-way, from which many doors opened on either side.

At one of them the Queen stopped abruptly, and led Alice, breathless and exhausted, sedately into the room.

As they entered, a great puff of wind almost blew them off their feet. About Alice's head it whistled and howled, and currents of air struck her from above and below until she gasped for breath.

"Fresh-air fiend—same as ever!" muttered the Red Queen in her ear. "Well, fortunately we're early. Her Majesty hasn't arrived yet. I suppose you'd like to ask a few questions now? You always were good at that."

Alice nodded, still speechless.

"Well, don't waste your breath, for I know what you want to ask. First you must understand that Wonderland has changed; all its inhabitants have moved here to Hollins. You'll see all your old acquaintances, but they have new names. We have established a school for the higher education of young ladies. In this room Agnes, Queen of Hearts, has found a field for her quick wit and sharp tongue in the teaching of History. She keeps us all

on the jump too. Candidly I prefer her old method of instant decapitation to this tortuous system."

Alice, revived by this time, looked about the crowded room and saw many of her old friends. On a far bench sat a familiar figure crowned with a joyous grin.

"Why, there's the Cheshire Cat!" cried Alice.

"Hush!" said the Red Queen. "Her name is Frances Longan now. She's the only animal in Hollins Land that the Queen can not disturb."

"Well, surely that is the Dormouse sleeping yonder!" said Alice.

"No, that's Mabel Woolford. And probably you think I'm still the Red Queen. You're wrong. My name's Phoebe Hunter."

Alice had scarcely time to take in her words before she heard a dreadful voice saying:

"Well, what's the meaning of this? What do you call yourself?"

Stricken with terror she stammered, "I d—d—don't know! I d—d—don't b—b—belong here!"

"Don't tell me any such thing! Don't tell me any such thing! What do you take me for? Don't think I haven't any sense at all! You just sit down there and tell me in one word of three letters the development of the Church and State in every country of the known world. Speak up now!"

Alice stammered, trembled, and finally in her terror voiced this strange verse:

*"I'll tell thee everything I can,  
There's little to relate,  
If I sit back, I sink down low,  
In front, I sit up straight.  
And when at last the roll is read,  
I am too scared to live;  
Her questions trickle thru my head  
Like water thru a sieve."*

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the Queen. "Utter nonsense! Sit down!"

Still trembling, Alice sat down on the nearest solid object at hand. To her surprise it shot into the air with her; tottered, swayed and fell with a deafening crash. A pair of strong arms lifted her up as the structure fell.

"Don't you know better than to sit on the Roman Empire? You needn't think you can come here and do just what you please! Yes, *that's* what



you think,—*just* as you please!" and she gave Alice a violent shove into the depths of History. For a long time she wandered in a maze of Parliaments, Revolutions, Assemblies, Cities, States, decisive battles and democratic ideas, and finally emerged, weary from nervous shocks.

The Red Queen had vanished, but in the distance she espied a familiar form, talking in the midst of an excited group. It was none other than the Duchess, and as Alice drew near she noticed that her cheek was pale and her hands trembling.

A small, haughty looking man stood before her, with his arms folded, and he spoke in angry tones.

"Why did you say that I, Emperor Napoleon I, held the bridge at Thermopylae?" Before the frightened Duchess could speak, a great burly fellow with a queer hat on the side of his head, reached over and grasping her by the hair thundered:

"Was it *you* who said that Henry VIII was the *daughter of Marie Antoinette*?" and then such a shrieking and a roaring as rose from all sides!

"*Who* said that Martin Luther *disestablished* the Protestant Church in America in 1892?"

"Why did you tell them that Themistocles signed the Magna Carta and Helen of Troy founded the Model Parliament? You said it—you know you did!"

Alice rushed to the aid of the Duchess and at last succeeded in dragging her from the clutches of the fighting, scrambling masses. Finally, they came to a quieter spot where a great pedestal was erected in the midst of a throng of wide-mouthed creatures gaping in mingled envy, admiration and awe. And, seated upon the pedestal, Alice saw several sublime creatures with torrents of correct dates, facts and golden reports flowing from their mouths in a steady stream. The multitude below caught at their words as they fell, but all in vain, for by the time they were picked up, they were so distorted or so blurred as to be unrecognizable.

"They are Misses Stone, Lawton, Oberholtzer and Tillman," said the Duchess in awe-stricken tones.

Then she pointed to another group far removed. "There sit Misses Johnstone, Orrick, Smith, Shanklin, Pate, Neimeyer and Crump—all honorary members, who hold themselves aloof from the others."

And indeed Alice noted that the stern Queen's thongs and blows were never cast in the direction of these two groups, but the rest she struck and

lashed mercilessly. Presently she caught sight of Alice as she cowered behind the Duchess.

"That's all right—you're a new girl—you needn't think you know it all just because you got 23 on your last report. Don't think you can sit there and rest on your laurels! Just trace for me the family origin of all the crowned heads of Europe, beginning with old Leopold II, who was personally the richest monarch in Africa,—er—er I mean Europe; and ending with Christian IX, of Brazil, who was highly beloved and respected by all, etc. Don't tell me any such thing as I said Brazil for Denmark,—you must think I haven't any sense at all,—and compare them with the families of the Tidewater Region. Well, what are you waiting for?"

But the Duchess grasped Alice by the hand.

"Come on," she said, "Don't mind her when she gets on that subject. She—er—er well you, know," and she touched her forehead significantly and led Alice away.

"You dear old thing! How nice it is to see you again!" said the Duchess, putting her arm thru Alice's. "No doubt you find a great many changes, but variety is the spice of life, and the moral of it is: 'A stitch in time saves nine!'"

"You don't seem much changed, Duchess," ventured Alice.

"Don't call me that!" cried her Ladyship, "my name is Rose Hayward now, and the moral of *that* is: 'A rolling stone gathers no moss!'"

"I must find some of my old friends," said Alice, "but I feel so queer and confused. Where is everybody? Is the Hatter here, and is he mad as ever? And where is the White Queen? and Humpty Dumpty? and the Mock Turtle? Oh, I must see them all."

"Well, have patience," said the Duchess, "you'll see them all sooner or later. Look yonder! There's some one you know now!" Alice looked up. There, with slow step and dreamy eye, wandered a figure aimlessly across the campus.

"The White Knight!" cried Alice joyfully.

"Name is Lora Crump now," said the Duchess. "I wouldn't be surprised if she is on her way to breakfast. She's composing a ninety-page essay for the Knave, and is two hours late to every meal."

"What has become of the Knave?" inquired Alice.

"He's instructor in the English course," the Duchess replied. "Come see his class. The bell's ringing now, and the moral of that is: 'Curfew shall not ring tonight.'"



In a few moments Alice found herself in a large room that was filled with a great variety of animals. She recognized Humpty Dumpty, the Dodo, the Mouse, the March Hare, the Carpenter, the Duchess' cook, and several that she had seen already, such as the Red Queen and the Cheshire Cat.

"Do tell me the names of all those creatures," Alice asked the Cat. "I'm so afraid of calling them by their old names. None of them look changed."

"All are very much the same as ever," grinned the Cat.

"Humpty Dumpty yonder is still strong on argument, and still has unlimited general information. His name is Sophie Tillman now. The Dodo, her name is Alice McInerney, still thinks she knows it all, and the Cook there is contrary as ever, still contradicts all statements flatly. Her new name is Henrietta Taylor."

The Cat turned to the Carpenter, who was looking pale and uneasy. "Louise, have you learned 'The Jabbertalk' yet?"

"Hear me, will you?" begged the Carpenter anxiously. She recited as follows:

*"Oft ic sceolde ana  
Uhtna gehwylce  
Mine ceare cwipan  
Nis nu cwicra nau.  
Beware of English Four, my son,  
The words that twist; the accents faint;  
Beware of Beowulf, and shun  
The Wanderer's wild Plaint.  
She took her Primer in her hand,  
And trotted down to English Four;  
Two thousand lines she bravely scanned,  
And quailed before two thousand more.  
And since she could not do it all,  
She sat, her heart o'erwhelmed with gloom,  
As He came warbling down the hall,  
And came galumping in the room.  
An hour, lo! and a round zero  
He placed within the book,  
Then up she gat from where she sat,  
And her homeward way she took.  
'And hast thou passed in English Four?"*

*Come to my arms, my learned child!  
'My mouth's awry, my tongue is sore,  
With words uncouth and wild,'  
Oft ic sceolde ana,  
Uhtna gehwylce,  
Mine ceare cwipan  
Nis nu cwicra nau."*

At this moment the Knave entered, and called the roll, smiling in his usual gracious manner. Then he saw Alice. "I must demand a proof that you are mentally efficient for this course," he said gently to her.

"How can I prove it?" asked Alice timidly.

"Recite some short lyric—try 'How doth the busy little bee.'"

Alice stood up, curtsied, and recited, but somehow the words all came wrong and the result was something like this:

*"How doth the busy little frat  
Improve each shining hour?  
By rushing first this girl, then that,  
To get all in its power."*

The Knave looked puzzled.

"I'm afraid you have it a trifle confused," he said, "but that is sufficient. We will now proceed with the class. Miss Ramsey, you may outline the rise of the modern comic-opera, beginning with Florodora and ending with The Merry Widow, and apply Miss Woodbridge's theory throughout the analysis. But before you begin, suppose we have a short reading of the well-known ballad, 'You Are Old, Father William.'"

He stepped forward on the platform and declaimed in a deep melodious voice:

*"You are old, Uncle Billy, the young girl said,  
And your hair has become very white,  
How is it your numerous classes are led  
To always be glad to recite?  
'I have always,' the Sage then replied to the lass,  
'Held to my ideal, like the rest.  
It was to be loved by the girls of my class,  
The results, as you see, are the best.'"*



Amid deafening applause, the Knave stepped back, and suddenly Alice found herself alone on the dark corridor again. She looked helplessly about her; no one else was in sight. Feeling tired and hungry, she sat down for a moment to rest, and noticed a small cake on the floor. It was labelled "Fraternity Rush." Alice devoured it eagerly. It was intoxicatingly delicious, and she felt a curious growing sensation.

Alice looked down at the floor,—she had grown,—she was still rapidly shooting up. Bang! her head touched the ceiling, and she was obliged to kneel. At that moment she noticed some one strolling down the corridor toward her, abstractedly sipping from a large tea-cup.

"Oh, Mad Hatter!" cried Alice, "help me!"

With great presence of mind the Hatter pulled from his pocket a bottle marked "Unpopularity," and reached it up to Alice with the remark:

"My name is Louise Boyce Murphy now, however. But you see I'm still a tea fiend."

In a second the bitter liquid had done its duty. Alice felt herself collapse, and sat breathless. She was now only two inches high.

"You new girls make me dizzy," growled the Hatter. "Here, this is what you need."

He handed her a biscuit labelled "Hard Work." It was tough and dry, but Alice choked it down, and regained her normal size.

"Well, what do you think of the revolution in Hollins Land?" inquired the Hatter. "It suits me,—I have nothing to do but to drink tea and be ornamental, and growl enough to appear blasé. But I don't mind showing you about a little, if you'd really appreciate it. I'm on my way to Senior French class now. Come on."

Alice followed him respectfully down long corridors and winding galleries, quite over-awed by his hauteur. As they went, the Hatter warbled this pleasing ditty:

*"Scandal, scandal, little frat;  
How we wonder what you're at!  
Up above the mob so high,  
But you'll tumble by and by!"*

Then he hummed softly the refrain, "Scandal, scandal, scandal," until Alice was getting drowsy. By this time they had reached a low-ceilinged gloomy room.

Upon wooden benches dozed many queer creatures and Alice saw the Mock Turtle standing at one corner of the room talking blithely to himself. No one even so much as raised her head when she and the Mad Hatter entered.

"Don't consider them rude," explained the Hatter, "they are very tired, so they come here to take their morning nap while the Mock Turtle soothes them to slumber by his oft-repeated lullabys. I suppose you recognize your old friend, the Mock Turtle. He is now Dr. Kusian and holds the position of Professor of Modern Languages at Hollinsland. You will see a great many of your friends here, so you won't be lonely if I leave you for a while. I seldom care to give my attention to this class."

Thus saying, the Hatter disappeared up a flight of steep, narrow steps, and Alice went into the room and sat down on one of the low desks. Soon a bell rang, and the Turtle began to speak these words:

*"The time has come for me to go  
And talk of many things,  
Of beauty of the soul—and snow—  
Of Hottentots—and kings.  
And why to atoms I must blow  
The theory that Darwin brings."*

"Why, that is surely the Moc—I mean Dr. Kusian—just as the Mad Hatter said," exclaimed Alice jumping up and running to the Turtle.

"Aye, Sir, that is who I am. I came to this country because I did not approve of the government of Europe. Aye, Sir, I am glad to see you, Sir," he responded in answer to her greetings. By this time all of the creatures had awakened and were crowding around Alice regarding her curiously.

At length one of the company came forward and spoke to her, "Why, it is really Alice! Don't you remember me? I was the March Hare in Wonderland, but I have changed my name to Gertrude Johnstone."

"I am so glad to see you again. Of course, I remember you," answered Alice. "How could I forget the Mad tea-party that you and I and the Hatter attended in Wonderland!"

"Yes, yes," replied the March Hare testily. "But you are very rude to recall such memories. Why don't you listen to the work that has been



accomplished in Foreign Languages this year? They are commencing now. Here comes a graduate in French."

As the March Hare spoke, a dark girl, whom Alice immediately recognized as her old friend, May Haley, came forward. This girl began the following recitation in French, and continued through to the end without a single pause for breath:

*"In French, the jolie enfant said  
I'd great deal rather go to bed."*

"Very well done," replied the Mock Turtle as she returned to her place. "You forgot to place the plural now of the impersonal verb in the subjunctive. But that's very good, Sir."

The March Hare now leaned over to Alice and whispered, "Next come two graduates. One in Spanish, who is Bessie Kincaid, the other in Latin, who is Therese Nurney. Just listen! They have attained a thorough knowledge of their subjects and are very much envied by the creatures of Hollins Land."

A small girl, showing unmistakable characteristics of a Philipino, began:

*"In Spanish Senorita took  
Siestas back behind her book."*

She spoke her lines hastily, and returned to her place much embarrassed. The graduate in Latin then came forward, and with a pleasant accent, and great dramatic ability, gave the following oration in Latin:

*"In Latin, the puella's head  
Reposed upon her desk as dead."*

A murmur of admiration greeted this effort, and it was several minutes before the Mock Turtle could bring his pupils to order.

"Now we will have the last graduate, Miss Oberholtzer, who has completed her course in German. For six weeks she has been perfecting her accent under the teaching of Herr-less Schmidt," explained the March Hare to Alice.

Miss Oberholtzer began in a loud piercing voice:

*"In Dutch the Madchen could not keep  
Her eyes gefalling into sleep."*

Before the young lady had half completed her recitation the creatures in the room began to bestir themselves. By the time she had finished the room was empty save for the Mock Turtle, who continued as if still addressing his pupils:

*"I sent a message to the class,  
I told them that they would not pass."*

*"The members of the class did cry,  
And said they did not care to try."*

*"I sent to them again to say  
They'd better come to class that day."*

*"Then some one came to me and said,  
'The members all have gone to bed.'"*

*"I said again, I said it twice,  
I did not think it very nice."*

As the dingy class-room faded away, Alice found herself standing near her old friend, the Gryphon, on a crowded gallery.

At this moment a cry of "The trial's beginning!" was heard in the distance.

"Come on," cried the Gryphon. And taking Alice by the hand it hurried off.

"What trial is it?" panted Alice as she ran, but the Gryphon only answered, "Come on," and ran faster than ever.

Alice soon found herself in a long hall, draped with red curtains, and decorated with weird tapestry. In the corner stood a most suggestive picture, and she felt a thrill of pity as she gazed upon the pale face behind the bars. The place was half full of birds and beasts of every description, and Alice fancied she recognized several old friends—indeed, when she caught sight of two familiar figures by the door she called to them:—

"Tweedledum! Tweedledee!"

But to her surprise they both ignored her.

"They are not Tweedledum and Tweedledee," explained the Gryphon, "their names are Skee Downes and Janey Cocke,—and as for me—I am Catharine Bryan!"

"How strange!" said Alice. "I must be bewitched or growing blind. What is the name of this place, and why are all the strange creatures gathered here?"

"This is the Zuepian Hall of Justice," answered the Gryphon. "The un-



happy creature about to be tried is the Chairman of the Program Committee, an acknowledged public nuisance. The King and Queen are on a raised dais in the middle of the hall."

Alice looked eagerly in the direction indicated. There sat the King, presiding with a judicial air, by his side the Queen, a heavy frown on her face.

Now, Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had heard a good deal about them, and so was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there.

"That is the jury-box," she said to herself, glancing over in one corner of the hall. "Those creatures seated in a row against the wall are the jurors, and the one by himself at a table in the corner is the foreman." Then she noticed that the jurors were busily whispering among themselves, and consulting slips of paper they held.

"What are they doing?" she whispered to her companion.

"They are learning their quotations," replied the Gryphon, "for fear they may forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things!" cried Alice scornfully. Then she stopped hastily, for the Gryphon muttered "Silence!" and the King looked angrily around to find out who was talking. But the strange thing was that when each juror arose in answer to his name, he could only say, "Stupid thing!" instead of the right quotation.

The King tapped a bell and said:

"The Secretary will read the accusation!"

On this a creature resembling a Dodo arose, unrolled a parchment-scroll and read as follows:

*"The Chairman of the Program Committee  
Is summoned here today;  
Alack! It were a pity  
She could not stay away!"*

*"But right is right, and truth is truth,  
For Justice hath her sway;  
We can not hold ourselves aloof,  
Nor punishment delay."*

"Consider your verdict," said the King to the jury.

"Not yet!" interrupted the Dodo hastily. "A good deal must come before

that. I have here a list of all animals and creatures placed on the program this year."

"Call the first witness," said the King.

The Dodo tapped a bell and every one arose. The first witness was the Hatter, who came in with a tea-cup in one hand and an ice-cream sandwich in the other.

"I beg pardon, your Majesty," he began, "for bringing these in, but I had just sent to the store when you called me."

"You had no right to send today," said the King, "I shall certainly report you. What else did you get?"

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. "Salted peanuts, I *think* it was," he said.

"Marguerites," said the March Hare.

"Social teas," said the Dormouse.

"Write that down," said the King to the jury; and the jury eagerly wrote down all three edibles on their tablets, then added them up, and reduced the answer to a bill at McLaughlin's.

"Why don't you wear your cap?" said the King to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," replied the Hatter.

"Fined!" exclaimed the King, turning to the Queen, who made a memorandum of the fact.

"I object to a fine!" cried the Hatter. "I have an excellent excuse for not wearing a cap! I—"

Here the Queen stared hard at the luckless Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

"Give your evidence," said the King. And the miserable Hatter began to recite:

*"Will you kindly pay your dues," said Mary to the rest,  
The bill for caps and gowns has become an awful pest;  
I'm sure I do my duty and dun them all I dare,  
But in spite of every effort, they never seem to care.  
So will you, won't you, will you, won't you, cease this cruel abuse,  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you pay your dues?"*

"Enough—you may go!" said the King. And the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without one glance toward the prisoner.



"Give your opinion," said the King abruptly, to the Dodo, who cleared his throat, and read magnificently:

*"The girls were broke as broke could be,  
Their pockets limp and flat;  
You could not see them smile because  
No one could smile at that.  
No silent maid cared to recall  
The debt she had forgot.*

*"But the Milrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They grinned like everything to see  
Such a dismal band.  
'If we could only make them pay,'  
They said, 'It would be grand!"*

*"'If every maid her money paid,  
For all she owes this year;  
Do you suppose,' the Milrus said,  
'The SPINSTER would be clear?'  
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear."*

At the conclusion of this speech the King nodded gravely, and said:

"That completes the evidence for the defense. Call the first witness for the prosecution."

Alice watched the Dodo as he fumbled with his papers, feeling very curious to see who the next witness would be. "For they haven't got much evidence yet," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise when the Dodo read out at the top of his curious voice, "Alice!"

She experienced a sensation of terror—then with a vague notion of escape, hurriedly left the court, leaving the King too overcome by this grave breach of etiquette to protest.

Again the scene faded, and Alice found herself standing at the door of a great banquet hall. The brilliant lights dazzled her for a moment, but she distinguished many of the Wonderland creatures sitting about the great table.

Feeling a weight upon her head Alice put up her hand, and found she

had a massive crown of cold iron upon her brow—so heavy she could hardly hold her head up. She took it off to examine it, and found carved upon the front, "Degree of A. B." Puzzled, she looked at it helplessly, when she heard a soft voice beside her say:—

"If you have earned it, put it on. It is heavy now, but as you grow older it will be lightened and transformed. But come, the guests are awaiting you," and a gentle little white-haired lady took Alice by the hand.

A deafening uproar greeted her arrival, and she was crowded into a seat at the head of the table. There was an indistinct clamor of "Speech! Speech!" and Alice turned to the little old lady in terror, but she had vanished, and beside her stood the Red Queen, scowling fiercely.

"Where'd you get an A. B.?" she demanded.

"Fraud! Fraud!" screamed the Duchess over her shoulder. All the creatures turned on Alice, and bedlam reigned. Alice, bewildered and terrified, looked wildly about for escape, but the grotesque creatures hemmed her in on all sides. She was almost trampled down, when the riot stopped short, and in an instant dead silence reigned. Looking up, Alice saw that the creatures had all turned at the voice of the little old lady, and were standing in humble reverence.

"Do not touch the child, Alice!" she cried. "She has visited us in the Hollins Land for no purpose of harm; she shall depart in peace."

She took both of Alice's trembling hands:

"Dear child, I am the soul of Hollins, and my name is SPINSTER. Come, Dream-Child Alice, you may not linger here."

She put her two little white hands over Alice's eyes,—the bright scene vanished. Darkness—falling—falling—

And Alice was sitting in the big arm-chair, with the Hollins Catalogue at her feet.





## The Valley

"There the traveler meets, aghast,  
Sheeted memories of the Past." —Poe's "Dreamland."

Deep in the gloom of rocky pass,  
Where cedars black loom 'gainst the sky—  
Where cavern depths grown thick with moss  
Echo back the raven's cry,

Bubbles a caldron huge and grey,  
Wrapped thick 'round with snowy steams  
That rising form fantastically  
Pictures that mirror wide world dreams.

A breath, death-cold from the wan stream near,  
Blows a jet of cloud in air,  
And out of it comes a regal face,  
A queen with diadem'd golden hair.

Another wind—again the queen—  
But the proud golden head's in dust,  
And the glittering crown and sceptre of gold  
Are forgotten and moulded with rust.

Slow from the smoke the pictures rise—  
The cinctured priest and the jester in bells;  
The king, the savage, the pirate face,  
While their story the pale mist tells.

A shriek of wind seems a ringing cry  
Of battle—a call to war;  
And the trample of hoof and clang  
Of steel came from the rocks afar.

The caldron's cloud, the cannon's smoke!  
The fire—the roaring guns' red flame.  
A puff, a bubble, and all is gone—  
Fate plays again Life's phantom game.

A monastery rises next;  
Then a ship sailing far at sea;  
A court, proud with gold—the lust  
Of power, the bent knees—mockery.

And so they came, the figures strange,  
The world's most high and they that lie  
In the streets—the beggar gray,  
And the crimson and mitred heads that cry

Aloud, but all in vain. The three  
That stoop and stir the seething pot  
With one hand, while the other grasps  
A gliding golden thread,—care not!

The Sisters, Triple Fate, they stand  
Calm before the world and its pain,  
And tangling in and out between  
The smoke, their golden-ghastly skein.

And the fitful fire on the rocks  
Is built by Father Time's lean hand,  
With ruined hopes and vanished dreams  
He feeds the flames. The falling sand

Runs from his glass with a dreary sigh;  
The darkened pines toss grim echoes back,  
And the red fire's glow burns bright  
On the Thread—but the Thread in Fate's hand is black!

R. S. PORTER.





RUDE SCULPTURE





THE

MARRIAGE OF KITTY

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John Travers

Norbury

Hampton

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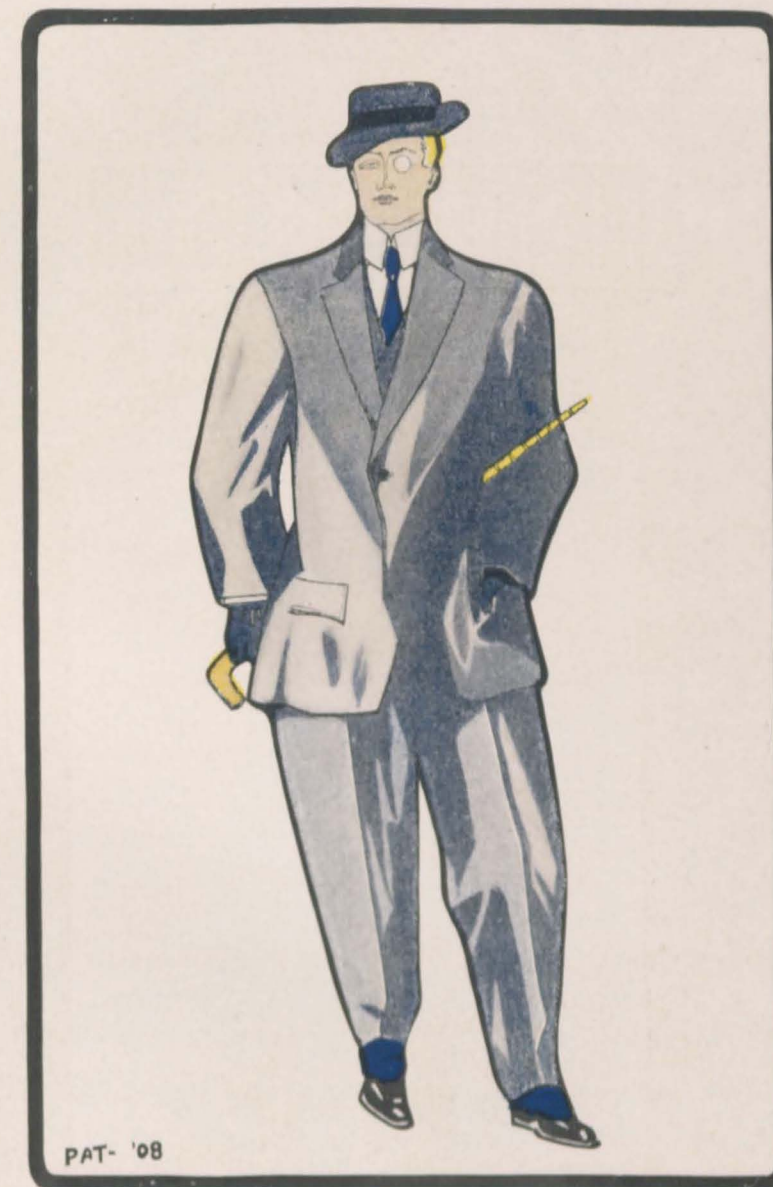
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PAT- '08



# THE LITTLE MINISTER.

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SIMMS

EPHYRA

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ANGELA GORDON

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S. HAYWARD

G. MITCHELL

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MARQUETTE CECY

WILLIE RAINER

MADEIRA WOODFORD

by Sully Hayward





# CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mikado of Japan L Mountcastle

Nankie Poo his son L B Murphy

Ko Ko Lord High Executioner E T Foe

Poo's Bah Lord High Everything Else E L Molton

Pish Tush a noble lord A M Conihay

Yum Yum } sisters Miss R Hayward

Pitt-Sing } wards of Miss F Dickerson

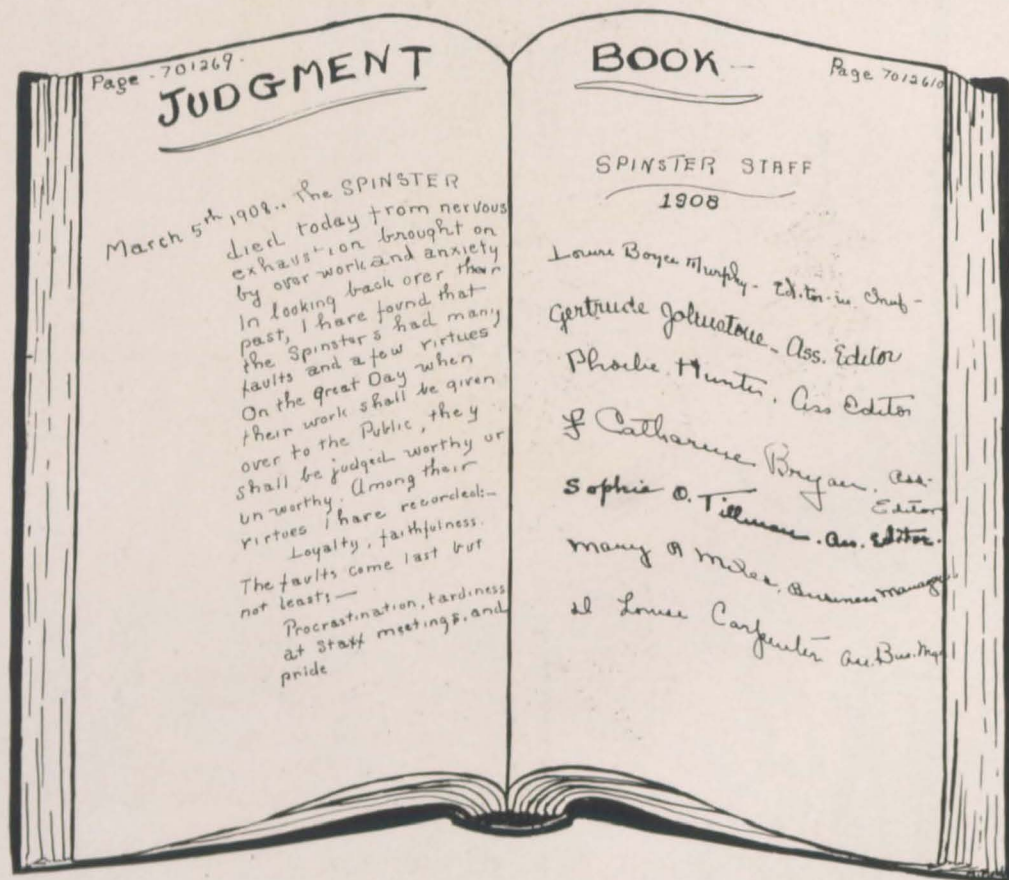
Peep-Bo } Ko Ko Miss L Brown

Kalisha-elderly lady in love with Nankie Poo Miss S Fillmore

M. G. McENTIRE '08







My dear Girls:—

Purple twilight has crept over the drowsy earth, and as the evening shadows lengthen and deepen into night, I find myself dreaming—of the work I have accomplished for this past year, and of the future that lies before you. For eleven happy years I have been among you, trying, in every way to please and amuse you; they have been very happy years—a pleasant, congenial task for me. May all the succeeding volumes prove as satisfactory as I trust this one will be. With sincere regards,

Your

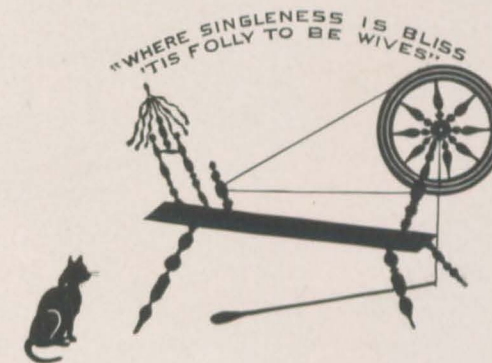
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